THE PARADICE

of Daintie Deuiſes.

Contayning many pithy precepts, learned Counſayles and excellent inuentions: right pleaſant and profitable for all eſtates.

Deuiſed and written for the moſt parte by M. Edwards, ſometime of her Maieſties Chappell: the reſt by ſundry Gentlemen both of Honour and VVorſhip, whoſe Names heereafter followe.

Whereunto is added ſundry new inuentions, *very pleaſant and delightfull.*

AT LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the little North doore of Paules Church, at the ſigne of the Gunne.

PHOT of HEH 1366

The Names of thoſe who wrote theſe Deuiſes.

Saint Barnard.	*Iaſper Haywoode.*
E. O.	*F. Kindlemarsh.*
Lord Vaux the elder.	*D. Sand.*
VV. Hunnis.	*M. Yloope.*

G. STEEVENS

The translation of the blessed S. Barnards verses, containing the vnstable felicitie of this vvauering vvorld.

Cur mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas, est transitoria,
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia, quam vasi figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

WHy doth each state apply it selfe to worldly praise?
And vndertake such toyle to heape vp honours gaine,
Whose seate though seeming sure, on sickle fortune states,
Whose gifts were neuer prou'd perpetuall to remaine.
But euen as an earthen potte, with euery fillip failes,
So Fortunes fauour flits, and Fame with honour quailes.

Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacie, quam mundi fragilis, vanæ fallaciæ,
Fallax in præmijs, virtutis specie, quæ nunquam habuit, tempus fiduciæ.

Thinke rather firme to finde, a figure grauen in Ice,
Whose substance subiect is to heate of shining Sunne:
Then hope for stedfast stay in wanton worlds deuice,
Whose fained fond delights, from falshoods forge doe come.
And vnder Vertues vaile are largely dealt about,
Deceiuing those who thinke their date will neuer out.

Magis credendum est, viris fallacibus, quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,
Falcis insaniis, & voluptatibus, falisque studijs et vanitatibus.

The trifling truthlesse tongue of rumors lying lippes,
Deserues more trust then doth the highest happy hap:
That world to worldlings giues, for see how honour slips,
To foolish fond conceits, to pleasures poysoned sap.
To studies false in proofe, to artes applied to gaine,
To fickle fancies toyes, which wisedome deemeth vaine.

Dic vbi Salomon olim tam nobilis, vel vbi Sampson est, dux inuincibilis,
Vel dulcis Ionathas multum amabilis, vel pulcher Absolon vultu mirabilis.

Where is that sacred King, that Salomon the wise?
Whose wisedome former time of quietie did commend:
Where is that Sampson strong, that monstrous man in size,
Whose forced arme did cause the mighty pillers bend.

Where is the peereleſſe Prince, the frendly Ionathas?
Or Abſolon whoſe ſhape and fauour did ſurpaſſe?

Quo Cæſar abiit? celſus imperio, vel diues ſplendidus, totus in prandio,
Dic vbi Tullius claris eloquio, vel Ariſtotilus ſummus ingenio.

Where is that Cæſar now, whoſe high renowned fame,
Of ſundrie conqueſts wonne throughout the world did ſound?
Or Diues rich in ſtore, and rich in richly name,
Whoſe Chiſt with gold, and diſh with dainties did abound?
Where is the paſſing grace of Tullies pleading ſkill?
Or Ariſtotles vaine, whoſe pen had wit and will?

O eſca vermium, ô maſſa pulueris, ô ros, ô vanitas, cur ſic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus, vtrum cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris

O foode of filthy wormes, oh lumpe of lothſome clay,
O life full like the dew which morning Sunne doth waſt,
O ſhadow vaine, whoſe ſhape with Sunne doth ſhrinke away,
Why glorieſt thou ſo much in honour to be plaſt,
Sith that no certaine howre of life thou doſt enioy:
Moſt fit it were thy time in goodneſſe to employ.

Quẽ breue feſtum eſt, hæc mundi gloria, vt vmbra hominũ ſic eius gaudia,
Quæ ſemper ſubtrahit æterna primia, & ducunt hominum ad dura deuia.

How ſhort a banquet ſeemes the pompe of high renowne?
How like the ſenceleſſe ſhape of ſhiuering ſhadowes thin
Are wanton worldly toyes? whoſe pleaſure plucketh downe
Our harts from hope, and hands from works, which heauen ſhould win
And takes vs from the trode which guides to endleſſe gaine,
And ſets vs in the way, that leades to laſting paine?

Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, ſacris in litteris, flos fœni dicitur,
Vt leui folium quod vento rapitur, ſic vita hominum, hac vita tollitur.

The pompe of worldly praiſe, which worldlings hold ſo dœre,
In holy ſacred booke, is likened to a flower:
Whoſe date doth not containe, a weeke, a month, a yeere,
But ſpringing now, doth fade againe within an howre,
And as the lightell leafe, with wind about is throwne,
So light is life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

of Daintie Deuiſes.

1. Our pleaſures are but vanities.

BEhold the blaſt, which blowes the bloſſomes from the trée,
The end whereof, conſumes and comes to nought we ſée:
Ere thou therefore be blowne from life that may not laſt,
Begin for grace to call, for time miſpent and paſt.

Haue minde on brittle life, whoſe pleaſures are but vaine,
On death likewiſe bethinke, how thou ſhalt not remaine:
And feare the Lord to greeue, which ſought thy ſoule to ſaue,
To ſinne no more be bent, but mercy aſke and haue.

For death who doth not ſpare, the Kings on earth to kill,
Shall reape alſo from thée, thy pleaſure, life, and will.
That life which yet remaines, and in thy breaſt appeares,
Hath ſowne in thée ſuch ſéedes, you ought to wéede with teares.

And life that ſhall ſucceéde, when death is worne and paſt,
Shall ſpring for euer then in ioy or paine to laſt:
Where death on life, hath power ye ſée, that life alſo
Hath mowne the fruites of death, which euermore ſhall grow.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

2. Who wayteth on this wauering world, and vieweth each eſtate,
By triall taught, ſhall learne it beſt, to liue in ſimple rate.

AMid the vale the tender ſhrub is hid from all miſhap,
When taller trées that ſtands aloft, is rent with thunder clap.
The Turrets tops which touch the clouds, are beat with euery blaſt,
Some ſhiuerd are their ſtones with ſtorme, and quickly ouer-caſt,
Beſt bodied trée in all the Wood for timber beame is found,
And to the Axe the ſturdieſt Oke, doth yéeld and fall to ground.
The higheſt hill doth ſoneſt féele, the flaſh of lightnings flame,
And ſone decayes the pompe and pride, of high renowned name.
Of all the Heard the Huntſman ſéekes, by proofe as doth appeare,
With double forked Arrow head, to wound the greateſt Deare.
The haughtieſt head of all the Drone, enioyeth the ſhorteſt life,
And ſtaines the ſlaughter houſe with blood, at prick of Butchers knife.
Thus what thing higheſt place attaines, is ſoneſt ouerthrowne,
What euer Fortune ſets aloft, ſhe threats to throw it downe.
And though no force reſiſt the power, and ſéeke thée to confound,

Yet doth the praise of waighty things, decline it selfe to ground.
For restlesse tipe of rowling whæle, example hath it tride:
To heauy burden yæld it must, full sone and slip aside.
What vailes the ritch his bed of Downe, the sighs for slæpelesse thought,
What time in couch of flocke, the pære slæpes sound and feareth nought,
At homely bord his quiet fode, his drinks in traine be tane,
When oft the proud in cups of gold, with wine receaue their bane.
The bed, the bord, they dread in doubt, with traine to be oppresst,
When Fortune frowns, their power must yæld, as wier vnto the wrest.
Who so thou be that sits alowe, and treads the valleyes path,
Thou næds not feare the thunder bolts, of mighty Ioue his wrath.
If Icarus had not presumd, too high to take his flight,
Ye had not yet bæne drownd in Seas, that now Icarion hight.
If Phaeton had not enterprised, to guide his Fathers seate,
His fiers had not enflamed the world, nor bæne destroyed with heate.
But who so climes aboue the meane, there is no hope of stay,
The higher vp, the soner downe, and nærer his decay.
Then you that bære in pompe are plast, to giue the golden Pace,
Let Crowne and Scepter both obey, the meane of vertues race.
For neither shall renowned vertue, se the pit of hell,
Nor yet in tombe of Marble stone, she shall abide to dwell.
And in that tombe full brauely deckt, when that she shall depart,
God send her rest and all things well, according to desart.
But from the Sepulcher flies she hence, beyond the skies aboue,
And glistering in the blissfull bayres, she raignes with mighty Ioue.

FINIS. Iasper Haywood.

3. The perfect triall of a friend.

NOt stayed state, but feeble stay, not costly robes, but bare aray, (scant
Not passed wealth, but present want, not heaped store, but slender
Not plenties purse, but pore estate, not happy hap, but froward fate.
Not wish at will, but want of ioy, not harts good health, but harts anoy.
Not freedoms vse, but prisoners thrall, not costly seate, but lowest fall.
Not weale I meane, but wretched woe, doth truly try the friend frō foe,
And nought but froward Fortune proues, who fawning faines, or simply loues.

FINIS. M. Yloop.

4. Being asked the occasion of his white head, he answered thus.

WHere sighing sighs, and sorrow sobs,
Hath staine the slips that Nature set:

And

And ſcalding ſhowers, with ſtony throbs,
The kindly ſap from them hath fet.
What wonder then though that you ſée,
Upon my head white haires to be.

Where thought hath thrild, and throwne his ſpeares
To hurt the hart that harm'th him not:
And groaning griefe hath groand forth teares,
Mine eyes to ſtaine my face with ſpot,
What wonder then though that you ſée,
Upon my head white haires to be.

When pinching paine himſelfe hath plaſt,
There peace with pleaſure were poſſeſt,
And where the walls of wealth lay waſt,
And pouerty in them is preſt.
What wonder then though that you ſée,
Upon my head white haires to be.

Where wretched woe will weaue her web,
Where Care the clew will catch and caſt,
And floods of ioy are fallen to ebbe,
So low, that life may not long laſt.
What wonder then though that you ſée,
Upon my head white haires to be.

Theſe haires of age are meſſengers,
Which bid me faſt, repent, and pray,
They be of death the Harbengers,
That doth prepare and dreſſe the way,
Wherefore I ioy that you may ſée,
Upon my head ſuch haires to be.

They be the lines that leade the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They ſay my youth is fled with ſtrength,
And how old age is weake begunne.
The which I fæle, and you may ſée,
Upon my head ſuch lines to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose musicke is hermonicall,
Their tunes declare a time, from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I ioy that you may see,
Upon my head such strings to be.

God graunt all those that white haires haue,
No worse them take then I haue meant,
That after they be layd in graue,
Their soules may ioy their liues well spent.
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such haires to be.

FINIS. W. H.

5. Beware of had I wist.

BEware of had I wist, whose fine brings care and smart:
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and deeme as deem'd thou art.
So shall thy perfect friend, enioy his hoped hire,
And faithlesse fawning foe shall misse, th'effect of his desire.
Good will shall haue his gaine, and hate shall heape dispight,
A faithlesse friend shall finde distrust, and loue shall reape delight:
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy friend shall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe shall fret at thy good hap, and I shall ioy thy state.
But this my fond aduice, may seeme perchaunce but vaine,
As rather teaching how to lose, then how a friend to gaine.
But this not my intent, to teach to finde a friend,
But safely how to loue and liue, is all that I intend:
And if you proue in part, and finde my counsell true,
Then wish me well for my good will, tis all I craue: adue.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

6. M. Edwards may.

WHen May is in his prime, then may each hart reioyce,
When May bedecks each branch with greene, each bird straines forth his voice:
The liuely sap creepes vp, into the blooming thorne,
The flowers with cold in prison kept, now laughs the frost to scorne.
All Natures Imps triumphs whiles ioyfull May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the yere the pleasant time is past.

May

May makes the chærefull hue, May brædes and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout euery linn, May makes the merry moode,
May pricketh tender harts, their warbling notes to tune:
Full ſtrange it is, yet ſome we ſée, do make their May in June.
Thus things are ſtrangely wrought, whilſt ioyfull May doth laſt,
Take May in time, when may is gone: the pleaſant time is paſt.

All yée that liue on earth, and haue your May at will,
Reioyce in May as I do now, and vſe your May with ſkill.
Vſe May, while that you may, for May hath but his time:
When all the fruite is gone, it is too late the trée to clime.
Your liking and your luſt is freſh while May doth laſt,
When May is gone, of all the yeere the pleaſant time is paſt.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

7. Fayre words make fooles faine.

IN youthfull yeeres, when firſt my young deſires began,
To pricke me forth to ſerue in Court, a ſlender tall yong man,
My Fathers bleſſing then I aſked vpon my knee:
Who bleſſing me with trembling hand, theſe words gan ſay to me.
My ſonne God guide thy way, and ſhield thée from miſchaunce,
And make thy luſt deſerts in Court, thy poore eſtate t'aduaunce.
Yet when thou art become, one of the Courtly traine,
Thinke on this Prouerb old (qd he) that faire words make fooles faine.

This counſaile grauelie giuen, moſt ſtrange appeares to me,
Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainly ſée.
What ſubtill ſlights are wrought, by painted tales deuiſe,
When hollow hearts with friendly ſhewes, the ſimple do entiſe.
To thinke all golde that ſhines, to feede their fond deſires:
Whoſe ſhiuering colde is warmde with ſmoke, in ſteed of flaming fire.
With talke of tickle truſt, doth breede a hope moſt vaine:
This Prouerb true by proofe I find, that faire words make fooles faine.

Faire ſpéech alway doth well, where dédes enſue faire wordes,
Faire ſpéech alway againe doth euill, that buſhes giue for birds.
Who hopes to haue faire wordes, to try his luckie lot,
If I may counſaile, let him ſtrike it whiles the yron is hote.

But them that fede on cloddes, inſtede of pleaſant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke ſtill gapes,
Full loth I am, yet muſt I tell them in words plaine, (faine.
This prouerb old proues true in them, that faire wordes make fooles

Woe worth the time that words ſo ſlowly turne to dedes,
Woe worth the time that faire ſweete flowers are growne to rotten weedes
But thriſe woe worth the time, that trueth away is fled,
Wherein I ſee how ſimple hartes, with words are vainely fed.
Truſt not faire wordes therefore, where no deedes do inſue,
Truſt words as ſkilfull Faulkners do, truſt Hawkes that neuer flue.
Truſt dedes, let words be wordes, which neuer wrought me gaine,
Let my experience make you wiſe, and let words make fooles faine.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

8 In his extreame ſickneſſe.

WHat greeues my bones, and makes my bodie faint?
What pricks my fleſh, and teares my head in twaine?
Why do I wake, when reſt ſhould me attaint?
When others laugh, why doe I liue in paine?
I toſſe, I turne, I change from ſide to ſide,
And ſtretch me oft, in ſorrowes lunckes betide.

I toſſe, as one betoſt in waues of care,
I turne, to flie the woes of lothſome life:
I change, to ſpie if death this corpes might ſpare,
I ſtretch to heauen, to rid me of this ſtrife.
Thus do I ſtretch, and change, and toſſe, & turne,
While I in hope of heauen my life doe burne.

Then hold thee ſtill, let be thy heauineſſe,
Abolith care, forget thy pining woe:
For by this meanes ſoone ſhalt thou finde redreſſe,
When oft be toſt, hence thou to heauen muſt goe.
Then toſſe and turne, and tumble frank and free,
O happy thriſe, when thou in heauen ſhalt be.

Finis. L. Vaux.

9. For Chriſtmas day.

Reioyce, reioyce, with heart and voyce,
In Chriſtes byrth this day reioyce.

FRom Virgins wombe this day did ſpring,
The precious ſeed that onely ſaued man:
This day let man reioyce, and ſweetly ſing,
Sinces on this day ſaluation firſt began:
This day did Chriſt, mans ſoule from death remoue,
With glorious Saints, to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came loue and vnitie:
This day mans greefe began for to ſurceaſe,
This day did man receaue a remedy,
For each offence and euery deadlie ſinne,
With giltie hart that erſt he wandred in.

In Chriſtes flock, let loue be ſurely plaſt,
From Chriſtes flocke, let concord hate expell:
Of Chriſtes flock, let loue be ſo embraſt
As we in Chriſt, and Chriſt in vs may dwell.
Chriſt is the author of vnitie,
From whence procœdeth all felicitie.

O ſing vnto this glittering King,
O praiſe his name, let euery liuing thing:
Let heart and voyce, like Belles of ſiluer ring,
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with ſound of ſweet delight
The ioy of Chriſtes birth this day reſight.

Finis. F. K.

10. For Eaſter day.

ALl mortall men this day reioyce, in Chriſt that you redæmed hath,
By death with death, ſing wee with voyce, to him that hath appeaſde Gods wrath.
Due vnto man for ſinfull path, wherein before he went aſtray,
Giue thankes to him with perfect faith, that for mankind hath made this glorious day.

This day he roſe frõ tombe again, wherin his precious corps was laid,
Whom cruelly the Jewes had ſlaine, with bloody wounds ful ill araid.
O man be now no more diſmaid, if thou hence forth from ſin do ſtay,
Of death thou needeſt not be afraid, Chriſt conquered death for
this his glorious day.

His death prevailed had no whit, as Paule the Apoſtle wel doth write,
Except he had vpraiſed it, from death to life by God like might.
With moſt triumphant glittering light.
This day his glorie ſhined I ſay, and made vs bright as Sunne
this glorious day.

O man ariſe with Chriſt therfore, ſince he from ſin hath made thée frée,
Beware thou fall in ſinne no more, but riſe as Chriſt did riſe for thee.
So maiſt thou him in glorie ſée, when he at day of Doome ſhall ſay,
Come thou my child and dwell with me, God graunt vs all to ſée
that glorious day. FINIS. Iaſper Haywood.

11. For Whitſonday.

COme holy Ghoſt eternall God, and ceaſe the wofull griefe,
That through the heapes of heauie ſinne, can no where find releéfe.
Doe thou O God redreſſe,
The great diſtreſſe,
Of ſinful heauineſſe.

Come comfort the afflicted thoughts of my conſumed heart,
Drid the pearcing paines of my tormenting ſmart.
O holie Ghoſt graunt me,
That I by thee,
From ſinne may purged be.

Thou art my God, to thée alone I will commend my cauſe,
Nor glittering gold, nor precious ſtones, ſhal make me leaue thy lawes,
O teach me then the way,
Whereby I may,
Make thee my onely ſtay.

My lips, my tongue, my hart, and all ſhall ſpread thy mightie name,
My voyce ſhall neuer ceaſe to ſound, the prayſes of the ſame.
Yea, euerie liuing thing,
Shall ſweetly ſing,
To thee (O heauenlie King.) Finis. F.K.

12. No pleaſure without paine.

SWeete were the ioyes, that both might like and laſt,
Strange were the ſtate, exempt from all diſtreſſe,
Happy the life, that no miſhap ſhould taſte,
Bleſſed the chaunce might neuer change ſucceſſe.
Where ſuch a life to leade, or ſtate to proue,
Who would not wiſh that ſuch a life were loue.

But O the ſowre ſawce of ſweete vſurie,
When pleaſures fly, and flie with waſt of winde:
The truſtleſſe traines, that hoping hearts alure,
When ſweet delights, doe but alure the minde,
When care conſumes and waſtes the wretched wight,
While fancie feedes and drawes of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were frée from paine?
But O that paine with pleaſure matcht ſhould méete:
Why did the courſe of Nature ſo ordaine,
That ſugred ſowre muſt ſauce the bitter ſwéete?
Which ſowre from ſwéete might any meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life were like to loue?

FINIS. W. *Hunnis.*

13. Who minds to bring his ſhip to happy ſhore,
Muſt care to know the lawes of wiſdomes lore.

My friend, if thou wilt credite me in ought,
To whom the truth by triall well appeares:
Naught worth is wit, till it be déerely bought,
There is no wiſedome but in hoary haires.
Yet if I may of wiſedome ought define,
As well as others haue of happines,
Then to my words my friend thy eare encline,
The things that make thée wiſe are theſe I geſſe.

Feare God and know thy ſelfe in each degrée,
Be friend to all, familier but to fewe:
Too light of credite ſée thou neuer bée,
For triall oft in truſt doth treaſon ſhewe.
To others faults caſt not too much thy eyes.

Accuſe

Accuse no man of guilt, amend thine owne,
Of medling much doth mischiefe oft arise,
And oft debate by tickle tongue is sowne.

What thing thou wilt haue hid, to none declare,
In woꝛde oꝛ deede beware of had I wist,
So spend thy good that some thou euer spare,
Foꝛ freends like Hawkes do soare from emptie fist,
Cut out thy coate accoꝛding to the cloath,
Suspected persons see thou alwayes flie
Beleeue not him that once hath broke his troath,
Noꝛ yet of gift, without desart be free.

Time quickly slips, beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth repents a painefull age,
Begin nothing without an eye to th'end,
Noꝛ bow thine eare from counsaile of the sage.
If thou too farre let out thy fancie slip,
And witlesse will from reasons rule out start,
Thy follie shall at length be made thy whip,
And soꝛe the stripes of shame shall cause thee smart.

To doo too much foꝛ old men, is but lost,
Of friendship had to women, comes like gaine,
Bestow not thou on childꝛen too much cost,
Foꝛ what thou doost foꝛ these, is all in vaine.
The old man ere he can requite he dies,
Inconstant is the womans wauering minde:
Full soone the boy thy freendship will despise,
And him foꝛ loue thou shalt ingratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
The woman like the reed ẏ waggeth with the wind
There may no trust in tender yeeres be found,
And of the thꝛee, the boy is most vnkind.
If thou haue found a faithfull freend indeed,
Beware thou loose not loue of such a one:
He shall sometime stand thee in better steede,
Then treasure great, of gold oꝛ pꝛecious stone.

FINIS. Iesper *Haywood*. 14 Of

14. Of the vnconſtant time of Fortunes gifts.

IF Fortune be thy ſtay, thy ſtate is very tickle,
She beares a double face, diſguiſed, falſe and fickle.
This day ſhe ſæmes to ſmile, to morrow will ſhe frowne:
What now ſhe ſets aloft, anone ſhe throweth downe.
Fly Fortune, flie deceit, let vertue be thy guide,
If that thou dw intend, in happy ſtate to abide.

Upon the ſetled rocke, thy building ſureſt ſtands,
Away it quickly weares, that reſteth on the ſands.
Dame Uertue is the rocke, that yeelds aſſured ſtay,
Dame Fortune is the ſand that ſcowreth ſone away.
Chooſe that is certaine, let things vncertaine paſſe,
Preferre the precious gold, before the brittle glaſſe.

Sly Fortune hath her ſleights, ſhe plaies vpon the packe,
Loke whom ſhe fauors moſt, at length ſhe turnes to wrack.
But Uertue ſimply deales, ſhe ſhunnes deceitfull traine,
Who is by vertue raiſed vp, ſhall neuer fall againe.
Stick faſt to Uertue then, that giues aſſured truſt,
And flie from Fortunes frekes, that euer prooue vniuſt.

Finis. F. K.

15. Promiſe is debt.

IN my account the promiſe that is vowed,
Among the good is holden ſuch a debt,
As he is thought no whit to be allowed,
That ſetteth light his promiſe to forget.
And for my part, I will not linck in loue,
With fickle folke, whoſe fancies oft remoue.

My happy gaine I dw eſtæme for ſuch,
As fewe haue found in theſe our doubtfull dayes:
To finde a freend I thinke it be as much,
As to win a fort full fraught of noble praiſe,
Of all the goods that there may be poſſeſt,
A faithfull freend I iudge to be the beſt.

Of frændly leagues although too late begunne,
Yet time ſhall trie our troth as well imployd:

And

And that we both shall sée what we haue done,
Soch fastned faith as cannot be destroyed,
By enuious rage, or slaunderous bitter blow,
That alwayes seekes the good to ouerthrow.

FINIS. R, Hill.

19. No words, but deedes.

THe wrong is great, the paine aboue my power,
that yéelds such care in doubtful dens to drowne,
Such hap is hard where Fortune doth so lower,
As friendly looke is turnd to froward frowne.
Is this the trust that faithfull friendes can finde,
With those that yet haue promise broke:
By deeds in doubt, as though no words can blind,
A vowed freend to hold him to his yoke?

Oh faithlesse freend, what can assure your minde,
That doubts so soone, before you haue cause why?
To what hard hap doth Fortune here me binde,
When words nor déedes, can no where satisfie.
What can I write, that hath not oft been said?
What haue I said that hath not béene affirmed?
What not approued that ought to be allayed?
Or what is vowed that shal not be performed?

Cast off mistrust, in hast no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth frendes vnrest:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My déedes shall proue, that all is for the best.
And this beléeue, the sea shall cease to flow,
The Sunne to shine within the setled skie,
All things on earth, shall leaue to spring & grow,
Yea euery fowle shall want his wings to flie,

Ere I in thought shall seeme once to retire,
If you my freend remaine as I desire.
Now loose no time, but vse that while you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

Finis. R. D.

17. He desireth exchange of life.

THe day delayed, of that I most do wish,
Wherewith I fede, and starue in one degrée:
With wish and want, still serued in one dish,
Aliue as dead, by proofe as you may sée.
To whom of old, this Prouerb well it serues,
While grasse doth grow, the silly horse he starues.

Twéene these extremes, thus do I run the race,
Of my poore life this certainly I know:
Twéene would and want, vnwarely that doth passe
More swift then shot, out of the Archers bow.
As Spider drawes her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by proofe the grédy dog doth gnaw
The bared bone all onely for the tast:
So to and fro this lothsome life I draw,
With fancies forst, and fed with vaine repast.
Narcissus brought vnto the water brinke,
So aye thirst I, the more that I do drinke.

Loe thus I die, and yet I seeme not sick,
With smart vnséene my selfe, my selfe I weare:
With prone desire, and power that is not quick,
With hope aloft, now drenched in dispaire.
Trained in trust, for no reward assignde,
The more I hast, the more I come behind.

With hurt to heale in frozen Iee to fry,
With holes to laugh, this is a wondrous case:
Fast fettered heere, is forst away to flie,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chase.
With wings and spurres for all the hast to make,
As like to loose as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long that hang vpon desart,
The life is irke, of ioyes that be delayed:
The time is short, for to requite the smart.

That doth proceede of promise long vnpaied,
That to the last of this my fainting breath,
I wish exchange of life, for happy death.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

18. Of the vnstabilitie of youth.

WHen I looke backe, and in my selfe behold
The wandering wayes that youth could not descry,
And marke the fearefull course that youth did hold,
And met in minde, each step youth strayed awry.
My knees I bow, and from my hart I call,
O Lord forget these faults and follies all.

For now I see how voyde youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I vow confesse my faultes and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend.
And with a minde repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth ten thousand times.

The humble hart hath daunted the proude mind,
Eke wisedome hath giuen ignorance a fall:
And wit hath taught that folly could not find,
And age hath youth her subiect and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth:
Pardon the faults committed in my youth.

Thou that didst graunt the wise king his request,
Thou that in the whale the Prophet didst preserue,
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy breast,
Thou that didst saue the theefe in state to sterue.
Thou onely God the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of minde the path of youths vaine race.

Thou that to life by power didst raise the dead,
Thou that restordst the blinde to perfect sight:
Thou that for loue, thy selfe and loue out bread,
Thou that of fauour madest the lame goe right.
Thou that canst heale and helpe in all affaires,
Forgiue the gilt that grew in youths vaine waies

And

And now, ſince I with faith and doubtleſſe mind,
Do flie to thee by prayer to appeaſe thy ire:
And ſince that thee I only ſeeke to finde,
And hope by faith to attaine my iuſt deſire.
Lord minde no more youths errour and vnſkill,
And able age to do thy holie will.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

19. Moſt happy is that ſtate alone,
Where words and deedes agree in one.

By painted words the ſillie ſimple man,
To truſtleſſe trap is trained now and than,
And by conceit of ſweet alluring tale,
He bites the baites that breedes his bitter bale.
To beauties blaze caſt not thy roming eye,
In pleaſant greene do ſtinging Serpents lie.
The golden Pill, hath but a bitter taſt,
In glittering glaſſe a poyſon rankeſt plaſt.
So pleaſant words without performing deedes,
May well be deem'd to ſpring of darnell ſeedes.
The frendly deede is it that quickly tries,
Where truſtie faith and frendly meaning lies.
That ſtate therefore moſt happy ſeemes to be,
Where wordes and deedes moſt faithfully agree.

My freend, if thou wilt keepe thy honeſt name,
Fly from the blot of barking ſlaunders blame.
Let not in word thy promiſe be more large
Then thou indeede art willing to diſcharge.
Abhorred is that falce diſſembling breede,
That ſeemes to beare two faces in one hood.
To ſay a thing, and not to meane the ſame,
Will turne at length to loſſe of thy good name.
Therefore my freend let double dealing goe,
In ſtead whereof let perfect plaineſſe flow.
Do thou no more in idle words creede,
Then thou intends to do in very deede.
So good report ſhall ſpred thy worthy praiſe
For being iuſt in word and deede alwaies.

You worldly wights, that worldly dwers are,
Before you let your word slip out too farre.
Consider well what inconuenience springs,
By breach of promise made in lawfull things.
First, God mislikes where such deceite doth swarme,
Next, it redoundeth to thy neighbours harme.
And last of all, which is not least of all,
For such offence, thy conscience suffer shall.
As barren grounds, bring forth but rotten weedes,
From barren words so fruitlesse chaffe proceedes.
As sauerie flowers doe spring in fertile ground,
So trustie freendes by triall soone are found.
To shunne therefore the worst that may ensue,
Let dædes alwaies approue thy sayings true. Finis. F. K.

20. Who will aspire to dignitie, by learning must aduaunced be.

The poore that liue in needy rate, by learning doe great riches gaine,
The rich that liue in wealthy state, by learning do their wealth (maintaine.
Thus rich and poore are furthered still,
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceits of frantick youth, the golden gift of learning staies,
Of doubtfull things to search the truth, learning sets forth the readie (waies.
O happy him do I repute,
Whose brest is fraught with learnings fruite.

There growes no corne within the field, that Dre e plow did neuer till.
Right so the minde no fruite can yeld, that is not led by learnings skil.
Of ignorance comes rotten wœdes,
Of learning springs right noble deedes.

Like as the Captaine hath respect to traine his souldiers in aray,
So learning doth mans minde direct, by vertues staffe his life to stay.
Though freendes and fortune waxeth scant,
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

(needthings
You imps therefore in youth be sure, to fraught your minds with lear-
For learning is the fountaine pure out from the which al glory springs.
Who so therefore will glory win,
With learning first must nœdes begin. Finis. F. K.

21. Mans fleeting life finds ſureſt ſtay,
Where ſacred vertue beareth ſway.

THe ſturdy rock for all his ſtrength by raging ſeas is rent in twaine,
The Marble ſtone is pearſt at length, with little droppes of diſſling raine.
The Ore doth yeeld vnto the yoke,
The ſteele obeyeth the hammer ſtroke.

The ſtately Stag that ſéemes ſo ſtout, by yalping Hounds at bay is ſet,
The ſwifteſt bird that flies about is caught at length in Fowlers Net.
The greateſt fiſh in deepeſt broke,
Is ſome deceaued by ſubtill hooke.

Yea man himſelfe vnto whoſe will, all things are bounden to obay,
For all his wit and worthy ſkill, doth fade at length and fall away.
There is nothing but time doth waſt,
The heauens, the earth, conſume at laſt.

But vertue ſits tryumphing ſtill, vpon the throne of glorious fame,
Though ſpitefull death mans body kill, yet hurts hee not his vertuous name,
By life or death what so betides,
The ſtate of vertue neuer slides.

FINIS. M. T.

22. Nothing is comparable to a faithfull friend.

SIth this our time of friendſhip is ſo ſcant,
Sith friendſhip now in euery place doth want,
Sith euery man of friendſhip is ſo hollow,
As no man rightly knowes which way to follow.
Ceaſe not my Muſe, ceaſe not in theſe our daies,
To ring loud peales of ſacred friendſhips praiſe.

If men be now their owne peculier friends,
And to their neighbours friendſhip none pretends,
If men of friendſhip ſhew themſelues ſo bare,
And of their brethren take no friendly care.
Forbeare not then my Muſe, nor feare not then,
To ring diſpraiſe of theſe vnfriendly men.

Did man in friendſhip know the mighty power,
How great effects it worketh euery hower,

What store of hidden freendship it retaines,
How still it powreth forth aboundant gaines.
Pan would with thee my Muse in these our daies
Ring out loude peales of sacred friendships praise.

Frændship releeueth mans necessitie,
Frændship comforteth mans aduersitie.
Frændship augmenteth mans prosperitie,
Frændship preferres man to felicitie.
Then ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loud peales, of sacred frændships praise.

Of frændship commeth loue and charitie,
By frændship men are linckt in amitie.
From frændship springeth all commoditie,
The fruite of friendship is fidelitie,
Oh ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred frændships praise.

That man with man true frændship may imbrace
That man to man may shew a frændly face,
That euerie man may sow such frændly seedes,
As frændship may be found in frændly deedes,
And ioy with thee my Muse in these our dayes,
To ring loud peales of sacred frændships praise.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

23 Golden precepts.

PErhaps you thinke me bold that dare presume to teach,
As one that runnes beyond his race, and rowes beyond his reach.
Sometime the blinde doe goe, where perfect sights do fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct, the wisest heads of all.

If needfull notes I giue, that vnto vertue tende,
Me thinks you should of right vouchsafe your listning eares to lend:
A Whetstone cannot cut, yet sharpes it well we see,
And I though blunt, may whet your wit, if you attentiue be.

First these among the rest, I wish you warely heede,
That God be serued, your Prince obeyed, & frænds releeued at neede.

Then

Then looke to honeſt thrift, both what and how to haue,
At night examine ſo the day, that bed be thought a graue.

Seeke not for others goods, be iuſt in word and deede,
For got with ſhifts are ſpent with ſhame, beleeue this as thy créede.
Boaſt not of Natures gifts, nor yet of Parents name,
For vertue is the onelie meane to win a worthy fame.

Ere thou doſt promiſe make, conſider well the end,
But promiſe paſt be ſure thou keep, both with thy foe and friend.
Threat not reuenge too much, it ſhewes a Crauens kinde,
But to preuaile and then forgiue, declares a noble minde.

Forget no frendſhips debt, wiſh to requite at leaſt,
For God and man, yea all the world, condemnes the vngrateful beaſt.
Beare not a friendly face, with hart of Iudas kiſſe,
It ſhewes a baſe and vile conceite, and not where valure is.

Fly from a fauning flurt, and from a cogging mate,
Their loue breedes loſſe, their praiſe reproch, their frendſhippe breedes (but hate.
Seeke not to loſe by wiles, that law and duetie bindes,
They be but helpes of Banckrouts heads, and not of honeſt mindes.

The motions of the fleſh, and Cholers heate reſtraine,
For heapes of harmes do daily hap, where luſt or rage doth raigne.
In diet, deede and words, a modeſt meane is beſt,
Enough ſuffiſeth for a feaſt, but riot findes no reſt.

And ſo to make an end, let this be borne away,
That vertue alwayes be thy guide, ſo ſhalt thou neuer ſtray.

FINIS. A. Bourcher.

24. In prayſe of the Snayle.

THy deepe turmoiled wight, that liues deuoyde of eaſe,
Whoſe wayward wits are often found more wauering then ỹ ſeas,
Seekes ſweete repoſe abroad, and takes delight to rome,
Where reaſon leaues the Snaile for rule, to keepe a quiet home.

Leape not before you looke, leaſt harme thy hope aſſaile,
Haſte hauock makes in hurtfull wiſe, wherefore be ſlowe as Snaile.

Refraine

Refraine from rash attempt, let take heede be thy skill,
Let wisedome bridle brainsicke wit, and leysure worke thy will.

Dame Reason bids I say, in things of doubt be slacke,
Least rashnes purchase the wrong that wisedome wils vs lacke:
By rashnes diuers haue beene deadly ouercome,
By kindly creeping on like Snaile, Duke Fabe his fame hath wone.

Though some as swift as Hawkes can stoope to euery stale,
Yet I refuse such sodaine flight, and will seeme slow as Snaile:
Wherefore my pretty Snaile, be still, and lay thee warme, (harme.
Haue enuious frets, mauger their fumes, there's fewe shall doo thee

Because in some respect, thou holds me to be wise,
I place thee for a President, and signe before mine eyes,
Was neuer any yet, that harme in thee could finde,
Or dare auow that euer Snaile, wrought hurt to humaine kinde.

I know dame Phisick doth, thy friendly helpe imploye,
And craues the salue from thee ensues, to cure the crazed soye.
Sith Phisick then allowes the vertues integree,
In spight of spight I weare thee still, that well contenteth me.

FINIS.

31. Remember the ende.

TO be as wise as Cato was, or ritch as Crœsus in his life,
To haue the strength of *Hercules*, which did subdue by force or strife.
What helpeth it when death doth call,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The rich may wel the poore reléeue, the rulers may redresse each wrong
The learned may good counsaile giue, but mark the end of this my song.
Who doth these things happy they call,
Their happy end exceedeth all.

The happiest end in these our daies, that all doo séeke both small & great,
Is eyther for fame or else for praise, or who may sit in highest seate.
But of these things hap what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good

A good beginning oft we see, but sildome standing at one stay,
For few do like the meane degree, then praise at parting some men say.
The things whereto each wight is thrall,
The happie end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, the happy life, which liueth vnder gouernaunce,
Who seekes no hate nor breeds no strife, but takes in worth his happie (chance.
If contentation him befall,
His happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth dailie grow,
The greater paine it doth require, except the Iudge some mercy shew.
Wherefore I thinke, and euer shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

FINIS. D. S.

24. *He perswadeth his freendes from the fond affects of loue.*

Why art thou bound & maist goe free, shal reason yeeld to raging wil
Is thraldome like to libertie? wilt thou exchange thy good for ill?
Then shalt thou learne a childish play, and of each part to tast & proue,
The lookers on shall iudge and say, loe this is he that liues by loue.
(rest,
Thy wits with thoughts shal stand at stay thy head shal haue but heauy
thy eies shal watch for wantō praies, thy tung shal sho thy harts request
Thy eares shal heare a thousand noise, thy hand shal put thy pen to pain
And in the end thou shalt dispraise, thy life so spent for such smal gaine.

If loue and list migh euer cope, or youth might runne in reasons race,
Or if strong sute might win sure hope, I wold lesse blame a louers case.
For loue is hote with great desire, & sweet delight makes youth so fond
That little sparks will proue great fire, & bring free hart to endles bond.
(found,
First count thy care and then thy cost, and marke what fraud in faith is
Thē after come & make thy boast, & shew som cause why thou art bound
For when the wine doth run ful low, you shal be faine to drink the lees,
And eate the flesh ful wel I know, that hath been blown wͤ many flies.

We see where great deuotion is, the people kneele and kisse the crosse,
And thogh we finde small fault of this, yet some wil gilt a bridles bosse.

A fole his bable will not change, not for the Scepter of a King,
A louers life is nothing strange, for youth delights no other thing.

FINIS. Tho. Churchyard.

27. Wanting his desire he complaineth.

THe sayling ships with ioy at length, do touch their long desired port,
The hewing axe the oke doth wast, & battring canon breaks the fort
Yard hagerd hawkes stop to the lure, wild colts in time ỳ bridle tames
There is nothing so out of vre, but to his kind long time it frames.
Yet this I finde in time, no time can win my sute,
Though oft the tree I clime, I cannot catch the fruite.

And yet the pleasant branches oft, in yelding wise to me they bow,
When I would touch they spring, some are they gone I wot not how.
Thus I present the fleeting flood, the Tantalus in hell below,
Wold God my case she understood, that can ful soone release my woe.
Which if to her were knowne, the fruite were surely mine,
She would not let me grone, and browse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle torne, with rented sailes must nèds retire
And streame & wind haue plainly sworne, by force to hinder my desire.
Like one that strikes vpon the rocks, my weary wrack I must bewaile
And learne to know false Fortunes mocks, who smiles on me to small (auaile,
Yet sith she onelie can my rented shippe restore,
To helpe her wracked man but once I seeke no more.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

28 Try before thou trust.

IN frendes are found a heape of doubts, that double dealing vse,
A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse.
A face for loue, a hart for hate, these fained frends can beare,
A tongue for troth, a head for wiles, to hurt each simple eare.
In humble port, in poyson part, that plainenesse cannot spie,
Which credits all, and cannot see where stinging Serpents lie.
Through hastie trust the harmelesse hart is easily hampred in,
And made beleeue it is good gold, when it is lead and tinne.
The first deceit that blindes mine eyes, is fained faith profest,
The second trap is grating talke, that gripes each strangers brest.
The third deceit is greeting words, with colours painted out,
Which bids suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no dangers doubt.
The fourth and last is long repaire which creps in frendships lap,

And

And daily haunts that vnder trust, deuiseth many a trap.
Loe how false friends can frame a fetch, to 'win their wil with wiles,
To sauce their slights with sugred sops, and shadow harme with smiles
To serue their lusts are sundry sorts by practise diuers kindes,
Some carries honey in their mouthes, and venome in their mindes.
Ye thinkes the stones within the stréets should cry out in this case,
And euery one that doth them meet, should shun their double face.

Finis. D. S.

29 A Lady forsaken, complaineth.

IF pleasures be in painfulnes, in pleasures doth my body rest,
If ioyes accord with carefulnesse, a ioyfull heart is in my brest.
If prison strong be libertie, in libertie long haue I bene,
If ioyes accord with miserie: who can compare a life to mine?
Who can vnbind that is sore bound: who can make free y is made thral?
Or how can any meanes be found, to comfort such a wretch withall?
None can, but he that hath my hart, conuert my paines to comfort then
Yet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I bene.
Since first in bondage I became, my words and déedes were euer such,
That neuer once he could me blame, except for louing him too much.
Which I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deserue disdaine,
Except he meane by false pretence, through forged loue to make a traine
Nay, nay, alas, my fained thoughts, my frended and my fained ruth,
My pleasures past, my present plaints, shew wel I meane but too much truth
But since I cannot him attaine, against my will I let him goe,
And least he glory at my paine, I will attempt to cloake my woe.
Youth learne by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What grieuous greefe doth grow by loue, & what it is to loue in vaine.

Finis. M. D.

30 Finding worldly ioyes but vanities, he wisheth death.

FOrlorne in filthie froward fate, wherein a thousand cares I finde,
By whom I do lament my state, annoyd with fond afflicted minde.
A wretch in woe, and dare not cry,
I liue, and yet I wish to die.
The day in dole, that séemeth long, to passe with sighes & heauy chere,
And with these eyes, I view the wrong, that I sustaine by liuing here,
Where my mishaps as rife do dwell,
As plagues within the pit of hell.
A wayling wight I walke alone, in desert dens there to complaine,
Amongst the sauage sort to mone, I flée my frends where they remaine

And pleasures take to shun the sight,
Where erst I felt my great delight,
A Captaine clapt in chaines of care, lapt in the lawes of lethall loue,
My flesh and bones consumed bare, with crauling graues ful strange to proue,
Though hap doth bid me hope at least,
Whiles grasse doth grow, yet starues the beast.
A sieged fort with forraine force, for want of ayde must yeeld at last,
So must my wearied pined coarse, submit my selfe to bitter tast.
Of crawling care that cracks my brest,
Till hope of death shall breake my rest.

FINIS. F. M.

31. A reply to M. Edwards May.

I Read a Maying rime of late delighted much mine eare,
It may delight as many moe, as shall it reade or heare.
To sée how there is shewed, how may is much of price,
And eke to May when that you may, euen so is his aduice.
It seemes he ment to may himselfe, and so to vse his skill,
For that the time did serue so well, in May to haue his will.
His onelie May was ease of minde, so farre as I can gesse,
And that his May his minde did please, a man can iudge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the fruits, of that his pleasant May,
He wils his friend the same to vse, in time when as he may.
Yea is not for himselfe it seemes, but wisheth well to all,
For that he would they should take May, in time when it doth fall.
So vse your May, you may, it cannot hurtfull be,
And may well vsde in time and place, may make you merry glée.
Modest Maying meetest is, of this you may be sure,
A modest Maying quietnesse to Mayers doth procure.

Who may and will not take, may wish he had so done,
Who may and it doth take, may thinke he tooke too soone.
So ioyne your May with wisdomes lore, and then you may be sure,
Who makes his May in other sort, his vnrest may procure.
Some May before May come, some May when May is past,
Some make their May too late, and some too make post hast.
Let Wisedome rule I say your May, and thus I make an end,
And pray, that when you list to May, a good May God you send.

FINIS. M. S.

32 Hauing

32. *H*auing married a worthy Lady, and taken away by death, he complaineth his miſhap.

IN youth when I at large did leade my life in luſty liberty,
When heauy thoughts no one did ſpread, to let my pleaſant fantaſie.
No Fortune ſæmd ſo hard could fall,
This frædome then that might take thrall.
And twenty yeres I ſcarce had ſpent, when to make full my happy fate,
Both treaſures great were on me caſt, with lands and titles of eſtate.
So as more bleſt then I ſtode than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.
For of dame Fortune who is he, could more deſire by iuſt requeſt,
Then health with wealth, and liberty, all which at once I this poſſeſt.
But maſking in this iolly ioy,
A ſodaine ſight prou'd all a toy.
For paſſing on theſe merry dayes with new deuiſe of pleaſures great,
And now and then to view the rayes of Beauties works with cunning (feate.
In heauenly hewes all which is one,
I oft beheld, but bound to none,
And one day roling thus my eyes vpon theſe bleſſed wights at eaſe,
Amongſt the reſt one did I ſee, who ſtraight my wandring look did ſeaſe.
And ſtayed them firme, but ſuch a ſight
Of beauty yet ſaw neuer wight.
What ſhal I ſeeke to praiſe it more, where tongs cannot well praiſe the
But to be ſhort to louers lore, I ſtraight my ſences all did frame. (ſame
And were it wit, or were it chaunce,
I wone the garland in this daunce.
And thus where I before had thought, no hap my fortune might increaſe
A double bliſ this chance forth brought, ſo did my Ladies loue me pleaſe
Her faith ſo firme, and conſtance ſuch,
As neuer hart can praiſe too much.
But now with torments ſtrange I taſt the fickle ſtay of fortunes whæle
And where ſhe raiſed from high to caſt, with force of græfe to fæle.
For from this hap of ſodaine frowne,
Of Princes face ſhe threw me downe.
And thus exchange now hath it made, by liberty a thing moſt dære,
In hatefull priſon for to fade, where ſunders from my louing Fære.
My wealth and health, ſtands at like ſtay,
Obſcurely to conſume away. (liued,
And laſt when himnaine force was none could part our loue wherin we

My Ladies life alas is gone, moſt cruell death hath it bereued,
whoſe vertues hers, to God hath wonne,
And left me here, a man vndone.

FINIS. F.G.

33. A worthie dittie, ſung before the Queenes Maieſtie at Briſtow.

Miſtruſt not troth that truely meanes, for euerie ielous freke,
Inſtede of wrong, condemne not right, no hidden wrath to wreke.
Looke on the life of faultleſſe life, how bright her vertues ſhine,
And meaſure out her ſteps each one, by leuell and by line.

Deeme each deſert by vpright geſſe, whereby your prayſe ſhall liue,
If malice would be matcht with might, let hate no iudgment giue.
Enforce no feare with wreſting wits, in quiet conſcience breſt,
Lende not your eares to buſie tongues, which breedeth much vnreſt.

In doubtfull drifts wade not too farre, it wearieth but the minde,
Seeke not to ſearch the ſecret harts whoſe thoughts are hard to finde.
Auoide from you thoſe hatefull heads, that helps to heape miſchan,
Be ſlow to heare the flatterers voice, that creepeth in your lap.

Embrace their loues that wils you good, and ſport not at their praiſe,
Truſt not too much vnto your ſelfe, for feeble are your ſtaies.
How can your ſeate be ſetled faſt, or ſtand on ſtedfaſt ground,
So propped vp with hollow harts, whoſe ſurety is vnſound?

Giue faith to thoſe that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
Regard not them that force compels to pleaſe you euery where.
All this well wayed and borne away, ſhall ſtabliſh long your ſtate,
Continually with perfect peace, in ſpite of puffing hate.

FINIS. D. S.

34. An Epitaph vpon the death of Sir Edward Saunders Knight, Lord chiefe Barron of the Exchequer.

YOu Muſes weare your mourning weds, ſtrike on the fatall breme,
Sound Triton out the trumpe of fame, in ſpite of Pareas deme.
Diſtill Parnaſſus pleaſant drops, poſſeſſe Periades place,
Apollo helpe with dolefull tune, to waile this wofull caſe.
Wring hard your hands, waile on your leſſe, lament the fate that fell,
With ſobs and ſighs to Saunders ſay, oh Saunders now farwell.

Whom

Whom Phœbus fed with Pallas pap, as one of Sibils ſæde,
Loe hære where death did reſt his cozps, the vermine foule to fæde,
Whom Imps of Ioue with Nectar ſwæte, long in Libethres nurſt,
Behold how dreadful death him brought, to there whence he came firſt.
Lycurgus he foz learned lawes, Rodomantus race that ran,
An other Nectar foz aduice, Zalucus fame that wan.
A Damon dære vnto his friend, in faith like Phocion found,
A Cato that could counſaile giue, to Prince a ſubiect ſound.
Not Athens foz their Solon ſage, not Rome foz Numa waile,
As we foz Saunders death haue cauſe, in flods of teares to ſaile.
Noz Sparta car'd foz Chilos death, noz proud Prienna preſt,
To wæpe foz Bias, as we waile our Saunders late poſſeſt.
His learned paths, his talents rare, ſo now by death appeares,
As he that Salomon ſought to ſerue, in prime and youthfull yeares.
His counſell ſad, his rules, his lawes, in Country ſoyle ſo wrought,
As though in Cuma he had bæne, of sage Sibella taught:
His vertuous life was ſuch I ſay, as vertue did embrace,
By vertue taught in vertues Schoole, to grow in vertues race.
Might tender babes, might ozphants weak, might widows reare ẏ cry,
The ſound whereof ſhould pearce the clouds, to ſcale the empire ſky.
To bid the Gods to battaile bend, and to deſcend in fight,
Though farre vnfit, and mates vnmæte, with moztall men to fight,
Too late (alas) we wiſh his life, too ſone deceaues vs Death,
Too little wit we haue to ſæke, the dead againe to bzeath.
What helpleſſe is, moſt careleſſe be, as Natures courſe doth ſhow,
Foz death ſhall reape what life hath ſowne, by Nature this we know.
Where is that fierce Achilles ſwozd? where is King Turnus ſhzoud?
What is become of Priamus ſtate? where is Periander proud?
Hector, Hanno, Hannibal dead, Pompey, Pirrhus ſpild,
Scipio, Cyrus, Cæſar ſlaine, and Alexander kild.
So long their foztune faſt did flow, and charged fame to ſound,
Till frowning Foztune foild by fate, which fawning Foztune found.
Shun Foztunes wzekes, ſhake Foztune off, to none is Foztune ſound,
Sith none may ſay of Foztune ſo, I Foztune faithfull found.
Behold where Foztune flowed ſo faſt, and fauoured Saunders lure:
Till fickle Foztune once againe, did Saunders death pzocure.
Loe clothed cold in clods of clay, in dzoſſie duſt remaine,
By Fate return'd from whence he came, to his mothers womb againe.
Who weinigh thirty yæres was Iudge, befoze a Iudge did fall,

And

And iudged by that mighty Iudge, which Iudge shall iudge vs all.
The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it bewaile,
Sith heauen hath wone, and earth hath lost, the guide and arke of saile.
Their gaine is much, our losse is great, their mirth our mone is such,
That they may laugh as cause do yeld, and we may weepe as much.
Oh happy he, vnhappy we, his hap doth aye encrease,
Happy he, and happilesse we, his hap shall neuer cease.
We liue to die, he died to liue, we want, and he possest,
We bide in bands, he bathes in blisse, the God aboue him blest.
Being borne to liue, he liued to die, and died to God so plaine,
That birth, that life, that death to show, that he shall liue againe.
His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame applied,
His fame to time, his time to God, thus Saunders liued and died:
O happy life. O happier death O ten times happy he,
Whose hap it was such hap to haue, a Iudge this age to be.
Oh ioyfull time, Oh blessed soyle, where Pallas rules with wit,
O noble state, O sacred seate, where Saba sage doth sit.
Like Susan sound, like Sara sad, with *Hesters* mace in hand,
With Iudiths sword, Bellona like to rule this noble land.
I had my will, you had your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
I winne now much, you gaine no lesse, to see this happy day.
Wherein I died, wherein you liue, oh treble happy cost,
Wherein I ioyed in glory great, wherein you triumph most.
Kneele on your knees, knock hard your brests, sound forth ỳ ioyful dram,
Clap loud your hands, sound Eccho say, the golden world is come.
Reioyce you Iudges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
As neuer erst your Iudges had, in England mirth so much.
Heere Cuma is, heere Sibill raignes, on Delphos seate to sit,
Heere she like Phœbus rules, that can Gordius knot vnknit.
I liued to nature long enough, I liued to honour much,
I liued at wish, and died at will, to see my Country such.
As neither needs is Numas lawes, nor yet Opolois sword,
For manly Mars, yet Mars shall be of this our Queene afeard.
O pearlesse Pearle, O Diamond deere, O Queene of Quenes farwell,
Your royall Maiesty God preserue, in England long to dwell.
Farwell the Phœnix of the world, farwell my soueraigne Queene,
Farwell most noble vertuous Prince, Mineruas mate I weene.
No Iewell, Iemme, no gold to giue, no Pearles from Pactolos low,
No Persian gaze, no Indian stone, no Tagus sands to show.

But

But faith and will to natiue ſoyle, aliue and dead I find,
My hart my minde, my loue I leaue vnto the Prince behinde.
Farwell you Nobles of this Land, farewell you Iudges graue,
Farwell my fellowes, freends & mates, your Quæne I ſay God ſaue.
What riſe in time, in time doth fall, what floweth in time doth ebbe,
What liues in time, in time ſhall die, and yæld to *Parcus* web.
The Sun to darkneſſe ſhal be turn'd, the ſtarres from ſkies ſhal fall,
The Mone to blood, the world with fire ſhall be conſumed all.
As ſmoake or vapour vaniſheth ſtraight, as bubbles riſe and fall,
As clowdes do paſſe, or ſhadow ſhifts, we liue, we die ſo all.
Our pompe, our pride, our triumph moſt, our glory great herein,
Like ſhattring ſhadow paſſe away, as though none ſuch had beene.
Earth, water, ayre, and fire, as they were earſt before,
A lumpe confuſed, and Chaos called ſo ſhall they once be more.
And all to earth that came from earth, and to the graue diſcend,
For earth on earth, to earth ſhal goe, and earth ſhall be the end.
As Chriſt aſcended vp the Clowdes, ſo Chriſt in Clowdes ſhall come,
To iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadfull day of dome,
From whence our fleſh ſhall riſe againe, euen from the drooſie duſt.
And ſo ſhall paſſe I hope, vnto the manſion of the iuſt.

FINIS. Lodowicke Loyd.

35 *His* good name being blemiſhed, he bewaileth.

FRam'd in the front of forlorne hope, paſt all recouerie,
I ſtaileſſe ſtand to abide the ſhock of ſhame and infamie.
My life through lingring long is lodg'd in lore of lothſome wayes,
My death delayd to kæpe from life, the harme of hapleſſe daies.
My ſpirits, my heart, my wit and force, in deepe diſtreſſe are drownd:
The onely loſſe of my good name, is of theſe græfes the ground.

And ſince my minde, my wit, my head, my voyce, & tong are weake,
To vtter, moue, deuiſe, conceiue, ſound forth, declare, and ſpeake.
Such pearſing plaints, as anſwere might, or would my wofull caſe,
Helpe craue I muſt, and craue I will, with teares vpon my face.
Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To waile with me the loſſe of mine, as of theſe grickes the ground.

Help Gods, help ſaints, help ſpirits and powers, that in the heauen do dwel.
Help ye that are aye wont to waile, ye howling hounds of hell.

Helpe man, helpe beasts, helpe birds & wormes that on the earth do toile,
Helpe fish, helpe foule, that flocks and feedes vpon the salt sea soyle,
Helpe Eccho that in ayre doth flie, shrill voyces to resound,
To waile this losse of my good name, as of these greefes the ground.
FINIS. E. O.

36 Of Fortunes power.

POlicrates, whose passing hap caused him to lose his fate,
A golden ring cast in the seas, to change his constant state.
And in a fish yet at his boorde, the same he after found,
Thus Fortune loe to whom shee takes, for bountie doth abound.

The mizers vnto might she mounts, a common cause we see,
And mightie to great miserie, she sets in low degree.
Whom shee to day doth reare on hie, vpon her whirling whéele,
To morrow next she dingeth downe, and casteth at her heele.

No measure hath she in her gifts, she doth reward each sort,
The wise that counsell haue, no more then fooles that maketh sport.
She vseth neuer partiall hands, for to offend or please,
Giue me good fortune all men sayes, and throw me in the seas.

It is no fault of worthinesse, that makes me fall or rise,
I had rather be borne fortunate, then to be very wise.
The blindest man right soone, that by good fortune guided is,
To whom that pleasant fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amisse.
FINIS. M. Edwards.

37 Though triumph after bloody warres, the greatest brags doe beare:
Yet triumphs of a conquered minde, the crowne of fame shall weare.

WHo se doth marke the careleese life, of these vnhappy daies,
And sees what small & slender hold, the state of vertue staies,
He findes, that this accurled trade proceedeth of this ill:
That men be giuen too much to yeeld, to their vntamed will.

In lacke of taming witlesse will, the poore we often see,
Enuies the rich because that he, his equall cannot be.
The rich aduanced to might by wealth, from wrong doth not refraine:
But will oppresseth weaker sort, to heape excesse gaine.

If Fortune were ſo blind, to giue to one man what he will,
A world would not ſuffiſe the ſame, if he might haue his fill.
We wiſh, we ſearch, we ſtriue for all, and haue no more therein,
Then hath the ſlaue when death doth come, though Creſſus wealth hee
win.

In getting much, we get but care, ſuch brittle wealth to kæpe,
The rich within his walles of ſtone, doth neuer ſoundly ſlæpe.
When poore in weake and ſlender houſe, dw feare no loſſe of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to keepe themſelues in health.

Affection may not hide the ſword of ſway, in iudgement ſeate,
Leaſt partiall fauour execute, the law in cauſes great.
But if the minde in conſtant ſtate, affection quite dw leaue,
The higher ſtate ſhall haue their rights, the poore no wrong receiue.

It is accounted greater praiſe, to Cæſars loftie ſtate,
Againſt his vanquiſht foes, in warres to bridle wreckfull hate,
Then when to Rome he had ſubdued, the people long vnknowne,
Whereby as farre as Land was found, the fame abroade was blowne.

If honour can ſelfe will refuſe, and iuſtice be vpright,
And priuate ſtate deſire but that, which good appeares in ſight,
Then vertue ſhall with ſoueraigne ſhew, to euery eye reueale,
An heauenly life, a wealefull ſtate, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and gouerne all your dædes,
Your yelding to her ſober heſts, immortall glory breedes,
She ſhall vpreare your worthy name, ſhining vnto the ſkies,
Her beames ſhall blaze, in graue obſcure, where ſhrined carkaſſe lies.
FINIS. M. Edwards.

38. Of perfect wiſedome.

WHo ſo will be accounted wiſe, and truly claime the ſame,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes, he muſt atchiue the ſame.
But few there be that ſæke thereby true wiſedome to attaine,
O God ſo rule our hearts therefore, ſuch fondneſſe to refraine.

The wiſedome which we moſt eſteeme, in this thing doth conſiſt:
With glorious talke to ſhow in words, our wiſedome when we liſt.

Yet not in talke but seemely deedes, our wisedome we should place,
To speake so faire, and doe but ill, doth wisedome quite disgrace.

To bargaine well, and shunne the losse, a wisedome counted is,
And thereby through the grædy coyne, no hope of grace to misse,
To seeke by honour to advaunce, his name to brittle praise,
Is wisedome which we daily sée, increaseth in our dayes.

But heavenly wisedome lower sémes, too hard for them to win,
And wearie of the suite they seeme, when they doe once begin,
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breath we have,
When it dissolueth earthly molde, the soule from death to save.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisedome is which we neglect, although of greater price.
A poynt of wisedome also this, we commonly estéme,
That every man should be indeed, that he desires to seeme.

To bridle that desire of gaine, which forceth vs to ill,
Our haughtie stomacks Lord represse, to tame presuming will.
This is the wisedome that we should above each thing desire,
O heavenlie God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant harts, the rule of wisedome true,
That all our deedes in worldly life, may like thereof ensue.
Thou onely art the living spring from whom this wisedome flowes,
O wash therewith our sinfull harts, from vice that therein growes.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

39 A freendly admonition.

YE stately wights that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly wealth, which God hath given to you,
Lament with teares, and sighes from dolefull brest,
The shame and power, that vice obtaineth now,
Behold how God doth dailie proffer grace,
Yet we disdaine repentance to embrace.

The suddes of sinne do soke into the minde,
And cankred vice doth vertue quite expell.

No

No change to good, alas can reſting finde,
Our wicked harts ſo ſtoutly doe rebell.
Not one there is that haſteth to amend,
Though God from heauen his daily threats downe ſend.

We are ſo ſlow to change our blameſull life,
We are ſo preſt to ſnatch a luring vice:
Such grædy harts on euery ſide be rife,
So few that guide their will by counſell wiſe.
To let our teares lament the wretched caſe,
And call to God for vndeſerued grace.

You worldly wights that haue your fancies fixt,
On ſlipper ioy, of terraine pleaſure hære:
Let ſome remorſe in all your dæds be mixt,
Whiles you haue time let ſome redreſſe appeare,
Of ſodaine death the houre you ſhall not know,
And looke for death although it ſæmeth ſlow.

Oh be no iudge in other mens offence,
But pure thy ſelfe, and ſæke to make thee frée:
Let euery one apply his dilligence,
A change ſo good within himſelfe to ſée.
O God direct our fæte in ſuch a ſtay,
From cankred vice to ſhun the hatefull way.

FINIS. R. *Hill.*

40. Sundry men, ſundry affects.

IN euery wight, ſome ſundry ſort of pleaſure I do finde:
Which after he doth ſæke to eaſe his toyling minde.
Diana with her training chaſe, of hunting had delight:
Againſt the fearefull Deare, ſhe could direct her ſhaft aright.
The lofty yeares in euery age, doth ſtill embrace the ſame,
The ſport is good, if vertue do aſſiſt the chærefull game.

Minerua in her clattering armes, her courage doth aduance
In triall of the bloody warres, ſhe gineth lucky chance.
For ſafegard men embrace ỳ ſame, which do ſo nædfull ſæme,
That noble harts their chiefe delights, in vſe thereof eſtæme.

In warlike games to try or ride, the force of Armes they vse:
And base the man we do account, that doth the same refuse.

The siluer sounds of Musicks cordes, doth please Apollos wit,
A sentence which the heauens aduaunce, where it deserues to sit.
A pleasure apt for euerie wight, release to carefull minde,
For woe redresse, for care a salue, for sadnes helpe we find.
The soueraigne praise of Musicks skill, doth cause the Poets faine,
That whirling Spheres, and eke the heauens do harmonie retaine.

I heard that these three powers, at variance lately fell,
Whiles each did praise his owne delight, the other to excell.
Then Fame as an indifferent Iudge to end the cause they call:
The praise pronounced by her to them indifferently doth fall.
Diana health and strength maintaine, Minerua force doth tame,
And Musicke giues a sweet delight, to further others game.

These three delights to haughtie mindes the worthiest are estéemed,
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be so deemed.
With ioy they do reuiue the wit with sorrow oft oppresst,
And neuer suffer solemne greefe, too long in minde to rest.
Be wise in mirth and seeke delight the same doe not abuse,
In honest mirth, a happie ioy, we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. R. *Hill.*

14 Of a friende and a flatterer.

A Faithfull frend is rare to finde, a fawning foe may some be got,
A faithful frend beare still in mind: but fawning foe regarde thou
A faithfull frend no cloke doth craue, to cullor knauerie withall, (not
But Strophant a gowne must haue, to beare a port what ere befall.
A nose to smell out euery feast, a brasen face to set it out,
A shamefull childe or homely gest, whose life doth like to range about.
A fawning foe while wealth doth last, a theefe to rob & spoile his frend,
As strong as oke, while wealth doth last, but rotten stick doth proue in
(the end.

Looke first, then leape, beware the mire,
Burnt chyld is warn'd to dread the fire.
Take heede my freend, remember this,
Short horse they say, soone curried is.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

42 Of ſufferaunce commeth eaſe.

TO ſéeme for to reuenge ech wrong in haſtie wiſe,
By proofe of guiltleſſe men it hath not béene the guiſe,
In ſlaunders lothſome bruite, where they condemned be,
With rageleſſe moode they ſuffer wrong, where truth ſhal try them frée
Theſe are the patient pangs that paſſe within my breſt,
Of thoſe that féele their cauſe by mine, where wrong hath right oppreſt
I know how by ſuſpect, I haue béene iudg'd awry,
And granted guiltie in the thing, that clérely I denie.
My faith may me defend if I might loued be,
God iudge me ſo as from the guilt, I know me to be frée.
I wrote but for my ſelfe, the gréefe was all mine owne,
As who would proue extremitie, by proofe it might be knowne.
Yet are they ſuch that ſay they can my meaning déeme,
Without reſpect of this old troth, things proue not as they ſéeme.
Whereby it may befall in iudgement to be quick,
To make themſelues ſuſpect therewith, that néeded not to kicke.
Yet in reſiſting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I doe amiſſe, as though I knew by whom it might be wrought,
If any ſuch there be that herewithall be vext,
It were their vertue to beware, and déeme me better next.

Finis. L. Vaux.

43. All things are vaine.

ALthough the purple morning brags, in brightnes of the Sunne,
As though he had of chaſed night a glorious conqueſt wone:
The time by day giues place againe, the force of drouſie night,
And euery creature is conſtrainde to change his luſtie plight.
Of pleaſures all that here we taſt,
We féele the contrary at laſt.
In ſpring, then pleaſant Zephirus hath fruitfull earth inſpired,
And neuer hath ech buſh, each branch, with bloſſoms braue attired.
Yet fruites and flowers, as buſhes & blomes full quickly withered be,
When ſtormie winter comes to kill the Sommers iollitie.
By time are got, by time are loſt,
All things wherein we pleaſure moſt.
Although the ſeas ſo calmely glide as dangers none appeare,
And doubt of ſtormes in ſkie is none, faire Phœbus ſhines ſo clére.
Yet when the boiſtrous windes breake out, & raging waues do ſwell.

The

The silly bark now heaues to heauen, now sinks againe to hell.
Thus change in euery thing we see,
And nothing constant seemes to be.
Who floweth most in worldly wealth, of wealth is most vnsure,
And he that chiefely tasts of ioy, doth sometime woe endure,
Who vaunteth most of numbred friends, forgoe them all he must,
The fairest flesh and liuely blood, is turnd at length to dust.
Experience gines a certaine ground,
That certaine heere is nothing found.
Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauen aboue,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Storme, is able to remoue.
Trust to that sure celestiall Rock, that rests in glorious throne,
That hath beene, is, and must be still, our anker hold alone.
The world is all but vanity,
In heauen seeke we our surety.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

44. A vertuous Gentlewoman, in the praise of her loue.

I Am a virgine faire and free, and freely do reioyce,
I sweetly warble sugred notes, from siluer voyce.
For which delightfull ioyes, yet thanke I curteous Loue,
By whose almighty power such sweet delights I proue.

I walke in pleasant fields, adorn'd with liuely greene,
And view the fragrant flowers most louely to be seene.
The purple Columbine, the Cowslip, and the Lilly,
The Violet sweete, the Daizie and Daffadilly.

The Woodbine on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,
And each fine flower else, that rendreth sweet delight.
Amongst the which, I chose all these of seemeliest grace:
In thought resembling them, to my deere Louers face.

His louely face I meane, whose golden flowring gifts,
His euer liuing fame, to lofty skie vp lifts:
Whom louing me, I loue onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue, all onely care I take.

Of all which fresh faire flowers, that flower that doth appeare
In my conceite, most like to him I hold so deere.

I gather

I gather it, I geſſe it, and eke deuiſe with it,
Such kind of louely ſpæch as is for Louers fit.

And then of all my flowers, I make a garland fine,
With which my golden wier haires together I dw twine.
And ſet it on my head ſo taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer ſtill in ſight.

For as in goodly flowers mine eyes great pleaſure find,
So are my louers gifts, moſt pleaſant to my mind.
Upon which vertuous gifts, I make more repaſt,
Then they that for loue ſports, the ſwæteſt ioyes dw taſt.

FINIS. F. K.

45 Oppreſſed with ſorrow, he wiſheth death.

IF Fortune may enforce, the carefull hart to cry,
And griping græfe conſtraine, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne hath greater cauſe then I?
Againſt whoſe hard miſhap both heauen and earth is bent.
For whom no helpe remaines, for whom no helpe is left,
From whom all happy hap is fled, and pleaſure quite bereft:
Whoſe life nought can prolong, whoſe healthy nought can pro-
Whoſe paſſed præfe of pleaſant ioy, (cure,
Miſchaunce hath changed to græfes anoy.
And loe whoſe hope of better day,
Is ouer whelm'd with long delay.

Oh hard miſhap.

Each thing I plainly ſee, whoſe vertues may auaile,
To eaſe the pinching paine, which gripes the groning wight
By Phiſicks ſacred ſkill, whoſe rule doth ſeldome faile,
Through labours long inſpect, as plainly brought to light.
I know there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rinde,
No hearb, no plant, no iuyce, no gum, no mettall earthly mind,
No pearle, no precious ſtone, ne Gem of rare effect,
Whoſe vertues, learned Gallens bookes, at large do not detect
Yet all their force cannot appeaſe,
The furious fits of my diſeaſe:
Nor any drugges of Phiſicks art,
Can eaſe the græfes that gripes my hart.

Oh ſtrange diſeaſe.

I heare the wise affirme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousand secret salues, which wisedome hath not found:
To cole the scorching heate of euery smarting sore,
And helpeth deepest scarre, though grieuous be the wound.
The auncient Prouerb sayes, that none so fostred greefe
Doth grow, for which the Gods themselues haue not ordained releefe.
But I by proofe do know, such Prouerbs to be vaine,
And thinke that Nature neuer knew, the plague that I sustaine.
And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath left my greefe remedilesse.
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and die in care.
Oh lasting paine.

In change of ayre I see, by haunt of healthfull soyle,
By diet duly kept, grosse humours are expeld:
I know that greefes of mind, and inward harts turmoyle,
By faithfull freends aduise, in time may be repeld.
Yet all this nought anailes to kill that me anoyes,
I meane to stop these floods of care, that ouerflow my ioyes,
No, none exchange of place, can change my luckleese lot,
Like one I liue, & so must die, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counsaile can preuaile with me,
Nor sage aduise with greefe agree,
For he that feeles the pangs of hell,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell.
Oh deepe dispaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauaile reapes no gaine
The wearied Horse and Oxe, in stall and stable rest,
The Ante with sommers toyle, beares out the winters paine,
The foule that flies all day, at night returnes to nest.
The Ploughmans wearie worke, amid the winters mire,
Rewarded is with somers gaine, which yelds him doble hire.
The silly labouring soule, which drudges from day to day,
At night his wages truely paid, contented goes his way.
And comming home, his drouzie head,
He coucheth close in homely bed.
Wherein no sooner downe he lyes,
But sleepe hath straite possest his eyes.
Oh happy man.

The

The ſouldier biding long the brunt of mortall warres,
Where life is neuer free,from dint of deadly foyle:
At laſt comes ioyful home,though mangled all with ſkarres,
Where franckly boyde of feare,he ſpends the gotten ſpoyle.
The Pirate lying long amid the foming floods,
With euery flaw in hazard is, to loſe both life and goods.
At length findes view of Land,where wiſhed port he ſpies,
Which once obtain'd, among his mates hee parts the gotten (prize.
Thus euerie man from trauaile paſt,
Doth reape a iuſt reward at laſt.
But I alone whoſe troubled minde,
In ſeeking reſt, vnreſt do finde.

Oh luckleſſe lot.

Oh curſed catife wretch, whoſe heauie hard miſhap,
Doth wiſh ten thouſand times,that thou hadſt not beene borne
Since fate hath thee condemned,to liue in ſorrowes lap,
Where wailings waſte thy life, of all redreſſe forlorne.
What ſhall thy greefe appeaſe? who ſhall thy torments ſtay?
Wilt thou thy ſelfe with murdring handes, enforce thy owne (decay
No,far be thou from me, thy ſelfe to ſtop my breath,
The Gods forbid, whō I beſeech to worke my ioyes by death.
For lingering length of loathſome life,
Doth ſtirre in me ſuch mortall ſtrife,
That whiles for life,and death I cry,
In death I liue, and liuing die.

Oh froward fate.

Loe here my hard miſhap, loe here my ſtrange diſeaſe,
Loe here my deepe diſpaire, loe here my laſting paine,
Loe here my froward fate, which nothing can appeaſe,
Loe here how others toyle, rewarded is with gaine.
With luckleſſe lot I liue, in loſſe of labours due:
Compeld by proofe of torment ſtrong, my endles greefe to rue.
In which,ſince needs I muſt conſume both youth and age,
If old I liue,and that my care no comfort can aſſwage,
Henceforth I baniſh from my breſt,
All fruſtrate hope of future reſt,
And truthleſſe truſt to times reward,
With all reſpects of ioyes regard.

Here I forſweare, Finis.

46. Where reaſon makes requeſt, there wiſedome ought ſupply,
With freendly aunſwere preſt, to graunt, or elſe denie.

I ſigh, why ſo? for ſorrow of her ſmart,
I mourne, wherfore? for græfe that ſhe complaines:
I pittie, what? her oppreſſed hart,
I dread, what harme? the danger ſhe ſuſtaines:
I græue, whereat? at her oppreſſing paines.
I feele, what force? the fits of her diſeaſe,
Whoſe harme doth me and her, alike diſpleaſe.

I hope, what hap? her happy healths retire,
I wiſh, what wealth? no wealth, nor worldly ſtore:
But craue, what craft? by cunning to aſpire,
Some ſkill, whereto? to ſaue her ſickly ſore,
What then? why then would I her health reſtore.
Whoſe harme me hurts, how ſo? ſo workes my will,
To wiſh my ſelfe and her, like good and ill.

What mones thy minde, whereto? to ſuch deſire,
No force, no fauour, what then? fræ fancies choiſe:
Art thou to chooſe? my Charter to require,
Each Ladies loue, is fed by cuſtomes voyce,
Yet are their graunts, the euidence of their choyſe.
What then? our frædome is at large in chooſing,
As womans willes are froward in refuſing.

Wots ſhe thy will? ſhe knowes what I proteſt,
Deinde ſhe thy ſute? ſhe dangered not my talke:
Gaue ſhe conſent? ſhe graunted my requeſt,
What didſt thou craue? the rote? the fruite? the ſtalke?
I aſked them all, what gaue ſhe? chæſe, or chalke?
That taſt muſt try, what taſt? I meane the proofe
Of frænds, whoſe wils with-hold they? how alofe.

Meaneſt thou good faith? what elſe? hopeſt thou to ſpæde?
Why not? O foole vntaught in Cupids trade,
Knowſt not what proofes from ſuch delaies proceæde?
Wilt thou like heedleſſe Cock be caught in glade?

Art

Art thou like Aſſe, ſo apt for burden made?
Fie, fie, wilt thou for Saint adore the ſhrine?
And woe her friends, ere ſhe be wholy thine?

Who drew this drift? moued ſhe or thou this match?
Twas I: Oh fole vnware of womens wiles,
Long mayeſt thou waite, like hungry Hound at hatch,
The crafty Fore, the ſilly Goſe beguiles.
Thy ſute is ſhaped, ſo fit for long delay,
That ſhe at will may checke from yea to nay.

But in good ſoth, tell me her friends intent,
But learne it firſt, their purpoſe I not know,
Why then thy will to worſe, and worſe is bent,
Doſt thou delight the vnkindled coale to blow?
Or childlike loueſt, in ankred Boate to rowe?
What meane theſe tearmes? who ſith thy ſute is ſuch,
Know of or on, or thou affect ſo much.

No haſt but good, why no, the meane is beſt,
Admit ſhe loue, miſlike in lingring growes?
Suppoſe ſhe is caught, then Woodcock on thy creſt:
Till end approues, what ſcornfull ſeeds ſhe ſowes.
In loytering loue, ſuch danger ebs and flowes.
What helpe herein? why wake in dangerous watch,
That ſo nor fro, may make thee marre thy match.

Is that the way to end my weary worke?
By quicke diſpatch to leſſen long turmoile:
Well, well, though loſſe in lingring wonts to lurke,
And I a fole moſt fit to take the foile,
Yet proofe from promiſe neuer ſhall recoile.
My words with deeds, and deedes with words ſhall wend:
Till ſhe or hers gainſay that I pretend.

Art thou ſo fond? not fond, but firmely faſt,
Why fole her friends wot how thy will is bent,
Yet thou like dolt, whoſe wit and ſence is paſt,
Haſt not what frumps doe follow thy intent.

Ne know how loue in lew of scorne is lent,
Loue, for sighes such follie should preuent,
Well well, their scoffes with scornes might be repaid,
If my requests were fully yead or nayed.
Well well, let these with wisedomes praise be wayed,
And in your chest of chefest secrets layd.
FINIS. My luke is losse.

47 What ioy to a contented mind.

THe faith that failes, must needes be thought vntrue,
The freend that faines, who holdeth not vniust?
Who likes that loue that changeth still for new?
Who hopes for truth, where troth is voyde of trust?
No faith, no frend, no loue, no troth so sure,
But rather failes, then stedfast doth endure.

What head so stayed, that altreth not intent?
What thought so sure that stedfast did remaine?
What wit so wise that neuer needes repent,
What tongue so true but sometime wonts to faine?
What foote so firme that neuer treads awry?

What hart so firt but soone enclines to change,
What mode so milde that neuer mound debate,
What faith so strong but likely likes to range?
What loue so true that neuer learnd to hate,
What life so pure that lasts without offence?
What worldly minde but moues with ill pretence?

What knot so fast that may not be vntide?
What zeale so sure but fraude or force shall breake?
What prop of stay but one time shrinks aside?
What ship so stanch that neuer had a leake?
What graunt so large that no exception makes?
What hoped helpe but freendes at last forsakes?

What seate so high but low to ground may fall?
What hap so good that neuer found mislike:

What ſtate ſo ſure but ſubiect is to thrall?
What force preuailes where Fortune liſt to ſtrike.
What wealth ſo much but time may turne to want?
What ſtore ſo great but waſting maketh ſcant?

What profits hope in depth of dangers thrall?
What truſt in time but wareth worſe and worſe?
What helps good hart if Fortune frowne withall?
What bleſſing thriues gainſt heauenly helpleſſe curſe?
What wins deſire to get and cannot gaine?
What bootes to wiſh, and neuer to obtaine.

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

48 *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,*
Nullus ad amiſſas, ibit amicus opes.

EVen as the Rauen, the Crow, and greedy Kite
Do ſwarming flock, where carren corpes doth fall,
And tiring teare, with beake and tallents might,
Both ſkinne and fleſh, to gorge their guts withall,
And neuer ceaſe, but rather moe to moe,
Do all to pull the carkaſſe to and fro,
Till bared bones at laſt they leaue behind,
And ſeeke elſe where ſome fatter foode to finde.

Euen ſo I ſee, where wealth doth ware at will,
And gold doth grow, to heapes of great increaſe:
Their frends reſort, and proffring friendſhip ſtill,
Full thicke they throng, with neuer ceaſing preaſe:
And ſtily make a ſhew of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inward hate is meant.
For when miſchance ſhall change ſuch wealth to want,
They packe from thence, to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. My lucke is loſſe.

49 *Amantium ire amoris redinte gratia eſt.*

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would haue ſlept,
I heard a wife ſing to her child, that long before had wept,
She ſighed ſore, and ſung full ſweet to bring the babe to reſt,
That would not ceaſe, but cried ſtill, in ſucking at her breſt.
She was ful weary of her watch, and grieued with her child,
Yet rocked ſhe, and rated it, till that on her it ſmild.

Then did she say, now haue I found this prouerb true to proue:
The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
Then take I paper, pen, and ink, this prouerb for to write,
In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song, vnto her little brat,
Much matter vttered she of waight in place whereas she sat,
And proued plaine there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discord and strife.
Then kissed she her little Babe, and sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
She said that neither King nor Prince, ne Lord could liue a right,
Untill their puissance they did proue, their manhood and their might:
When manhood shall be matched so, that feare can take no place,
Then weary works make Warriours, each other to embrace.
And leaue their force that failed them, which did consume the rout,
That might before haue liu'd their time, and dayes, and nature out.
Then did she sing as one that thought, no man could her reproue,
The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
She said she saw no vsh ne fowle, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kind, but could giue it a taunt.
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succede,
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they fade.
So noble nature can well end, the worke she hath begun,
And bridle will that will not cease, her tragedy in some.
Thus in her song she oft rehearst, as did her well behoue,
The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.
I meruaile much pardy (quoth she) for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toste the world about. (smile,
Some kneele, some couch, some breake, some checke, & some can smoothly
And some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many a wile.
Some stand a loofe, at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they neuer friends indeede, vntill they once fall out.
Thus ended she her song, and said before she did remoue,
The falling out of faithfull friends, renewing is of loue.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

50. Thinke to die.

The life is long which loathsomly doth last,
The dolefull dayes, draw slowly to their date:

The

The preſent pangs, and paineſull plagues forepaſt,
Yeeldes greeke aye greene, to ſtabliſh his eſtate.
So that I feele in this great ſtorme and ſtrife,
That death is ſweet that ſhortneth ſuch a life.
And by the ſtroke of this ſtrong ouerthrow,
All which conflict in thraldome I was thruſt:
The Lord be praiſed, I am well taught to know
From whence man came, and eke whereto he muſt.
And by the way, vpon how feeble force,
His terme doth ſtand, till death doth end his courſe.
The pleaſant yeeres that ſeemes ſo ſweetly runne,
The merry daies to end, ſo faſt that fleete:
The ioyfull nights of which dayes drawes ſo ſoone,
The happy howres, which moe do miſſe then meet.
Do all conſume, as ſnow againſt the Sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begun.
Since death ſhall dure till all the world be waſt,
What meaneth man to dread death then ſo ſore?
As man might make, that life ſhould alwaies laſt,
Without regard, the Lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all muſt runne on row,
The howre wherein, onely himſelfe doth know.
If man would minde what burdens life doth bring,
What greeuous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what perrill thereby daily ſpring,
With no ſure howre in all his life to ſit,
Ye would ſure thinke, as with great cauſe I doe,
The day of death is happier of the two.
Death is the dore whereby we draw to ioy,
Life is the lacke, that drowneth all in paine:
Death is ſo dole, it ceaſeth all annoy,
Life is ſo lewd, that all it yeelds is vaine:
And as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen ſo by death, is freedome likewiſe wrought.
Wherfore with Paule, let all men wiſh and pray,
To be diſſolu'd of this foule fleſhly maſſe,
Or at the leaſt be arm'd againſt that day,
That they be found good ſouldiers preſt to paſſe.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And ſuch a life as euer ſhall remaine. Finis. D. S.

15 If thou desire to liue in quiet rest,
Giue eare, and see, but say the best.

IF thou delight in quietnesse of life,
Desire to shun from brawles, debate and strife.
To liue in loue with God, with frænd and foe.
In rest shall, sleepe, when others cannot so.

Giue eare to all, yet bow not all beleeue,
And see the end, and then doe sentence giue.
But say for truth of happy liues assignde,
The best hath he, that quiet is in minde.

Finis. W. Hunis.

52. Being forsaken of his freend, he complaineth.

WHy should I linger long to liue,
In this disease of fantasie:
Since Fortune doth not cease to giue
Things to my minde most contrarie,
And at my ioyes doth lower and frowne,
Till she hath turnd them vpside downe.
A frænd I had to me most deere,
And of long time faithfull and iust:
There was no one my hart so neere,
Nor one in whom I had more trust.
Whom now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made mine enemy.
The grasse me thinks should grow in skie,
The starres vnto the earth cleaue fast,
The water streame should passe away,
The windes should leaue their strength of blast,
The Sunne and Moone by one assent,
Should both forsake the firmament.
The fish in ayre should flie with finne,
The foules in flood should bring foorth frie,
All things me thinks should erst begin,
To take their course vnaturally,
Afore my frænd should alter so,
Without a cause to be my foe.
But such is Fortunes hate I say,
Such is his will on me to wreake,

Such

Such ſpite he hath at mee alway,
And ceaſeth not my hart to breake.
With ſuch deſpight of crueltie,
Wherefore then longer liue ſhould I? FINIS. E. S.

53. Prudence. The hiſtory of Damacles, & Dioniſe.

WHo ſo is ſet in princely throne, and craueth rule to beare,
Is ſtill beſet on euery ſide, with perrill and with feare.
High trees by ſtormie windes are ſhakt, and rent vp from the ground:
And flaſhly flakes of lightning flames, and turrets do rebound.
When little ſhrubbes in ſafetie lurke, in couert all alow,
And freſhly flouriſh in their kinde, what euer winde do blow.
The cruell King of Scicilie, who fearing barbars hands,
Was wont to ſindge his beard himſelfe, with coale and fire brandes.
Hath taught vs this, the proofe whereof, full plainly we may ſee:
Was neuer thing more liuely touched, to ſhow it ſo to be.
This King did ſeeme to Damacles to be the happieſt wight,
Becauſe he thought none like to him, in power or in might.
Who did alone ſo farre excell, the reſt in his degree,
As doth the Sunne in brighteſt cleere, the darkeſt ſtarre we ſee.
Wilt thou (then ſaid this cruell King) proue this my preſent ſtate,
Poſſeſſe thou ſhalt this ſeate of mine, and ſo be fortunate.
Full gladly then this Damacles, this proffered honour tooke,
And ſhoting at a Princely life, his quiet life forſooke.
In honours ſeat, then was he plaſt, according to his will,
Forthwith a banquet was prepard, that he might feaſt his fill.
Nothing did want wherein twas thought, that he could take delight,
To fede his eye, to fill his mouth, or pleaſe the appetite.
Such ſtore of plate, I thinke in Greece, there ſcarcely was ſo much,
His ſeruitors did Angels ſeeme, their paſſing ſhape was ſuch.
No daintie diſh but there it was, and thereof was ſuch ſtore,
That through out Greece ſo Princely cheere was neuer ſeene before.
Thus while in pompe and pleaſures ſeate, this Damacles was plaſt,
And did begin with gladſome hart, each daintie diſh to taſt,
At length by chaunce caſt vp his eyes, and gan the houſe to viewe,
And ſaw a ſight that him enforſt, his Princely ſtate to rewe.
A ſword forlorn with downeward poynt, that had no ſtronger threed,
Then one horſe-haire that poiſed it, direct vpon his head.
Wherewith he was ſo ſore amaz'd, and ſhooke in euery part,
As though the ſword that hung aboue, had ſtrooke him to the hart.

Then all their pleasures toke their leaue, and sorrow came in place,
His heauie harts the teares declarde, that trickled downe his face.
And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the King of grace,
That he would licence him with speede, to departe out of that place.
And said, that he full long enough had tried now with feare,
What tis to be a happy man, and princely rule to beare.
This deede of thine oh Dionise deserues immortall fame, (shame.
This deed shall alwaies liue with praise, though thou didst liue with
Whereby both kings be put in minde, their dangers to be great,
And subiects be forbid to climbe, high steppes of honours seate.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

54. Fortitude. A young man of Egipt and Valerian.

EChe one deserues great praise to haue, but yet not like I think,
Both he that can sustaine the yoke of paines, and doth not shrinke.
And he whom Cupids couert craft, can nothing moue at all:
Into the hard and tangled knots of Venus snares to fall.
Bestirre you then who so delights in vertues race to run,
The flying boy with bow ybent, by strength to ouercome.
As one did once when he was young, and in his tender dayes,
Whose stoute and noble deedes of his, hath got immortall praise.
The wicked Romaines did pursue, the sillie Christians than,
What time Valerian Emperour was, a wicked cruell man,
Who spared not with bloody draughts, to quench his owne desire,
Dispatching all that stuck to Christ, with hote consuming fire.
At length a man of tender yeres was brought before his sight,
Such one as Nature seemd to make, a witnesse of her might,
For euery part so well was set, that nothing was depraued,
So that the cruell King himselfe, would gladly him haue saued.
So loth he was to see a worke, so rare of Natures power,
So finely built, so suddainly destroyed within an howre.
Then meanes he sought to ouercome, or win him at the least,
To slip from Christ, whom he before, had earnestly profest.
A bed prepard so finelie deckt, with diuers pleasant smels,
That well it might appeare a place where pleasure onely dwels.
By him he layd a naked wench, a Venus darling sure,
With sugred speech and louelie toyes, that might his minde alure.
Such wanton louers as those he thought, might easily him intise,
Which things he knew with lustie youth, had alwaies ben in prise.
Such waies I think the Gods themselues could haue inuented none.

For

For flattering Venus ouercomes, the ſences euery chone.
And he himſelfe was euen at point, to Venus to conſent,
Had not his ſtout and manly minde, reſiſted his intent.
When he perceaued his fleſh to yéeld, to pleaſures wanton toyes,
And was by ſlight almoſt prouoked, to taſt of Venus ioyes.
More cruell to himſelfe then theſe, that glad would him vndoe,
With bloody tooth, his tender tongue, bit quite and cleane in two.
Thus was the paine ſo paſſing great, of this his bloody bit,
That all the fire and carnall luſt, was quenched euery whit.
Doo ill, and all thy pleaſures then full ſoone will paſſe away,
But yet the ſhame of thoſe thy dædes, will neuermore decay.
Doo well and though thy paines be great, yet ſoone each one wil ceaſe:
But yet the praiſe of thoſe thy dæds, will euermore encreaſe.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

55. Iuſtice Zaleuch and his ſonne.

LEt Rulers make moſt perfect lawes, to rule both great and ſmall,
If they themſelues obay them not, it boteth not at all.
As lawes be nought but rulers dome, containing equall might,
So Rulers ſhould be ſpeaking lawes, to rule by line of right.
Zaleuch the Prince of Locrine once, appointed by decrée,
Each Letcherer ſhould be puniſhed, with loſſe of either eye.
His ſonne by chaunce offended firſt, which when his Father ſaw,
Lord God how earneſt then he was to execute the law.
Then came the people all in flocks, to him with weeping eyes,
Not one amongſt the rout there was, but pardon, pardon cryes.
By whoſe out-cries and earneſt ſute, his ſonne in hope did ſtand,
That he thereby ſhould then obtaine, ſome pardon at his hand.
But all in vaine, for he is found, to be the man he was,
And maketh haſt ſo much the more, to haue the law to paſſe.
The people yet renewed their ſute, in hope of ſome releéfe,
Whoſe faces all beſprent with teares, did teſtifie their greéfe.
And cried all for pitties ſake, yéeld now to our requeſt,
If all you will not cleane remit, yet ceaſe the paine at leaſt.
Then ſomwhat was the Father moued, with all the peoples voyce,
And euery man did giue a ſhoute, to ſhew they did reioyce.
Well then (quoth he) it ſhall be thus, the law ſhall be fulfild,
And yet my ſonne ſhall fauour haue, according as you wild.
One eye of his ſhall be puld out, thus hath his lewdnes got,
And likewiſe ſo ſhall one of mine, though I deſerue it not.

This word no sooner was pronounced, but straight the deede was donne,
Two eyes no more was left, betweene the father and the sonne.
Say now who can, and on my faith Apollo he shall be,
Was he more gentle Father loe? or truster Judge trow yée?
This man would not, his lawes be like the webs the Spiders weaue,
Wherein they lurke when they intend, the simple to deceaue.
Wherewith small flies full soone be caught, and tangled ere they wist,
When great ones flie and scape away, and breake them as they list.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

56. Temperance. Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.

IF Nature beare thee so great loue, that she in thee haue beauty plast,
Full hard it is as we doe prooue, to keepe the body cleane and chast.
Twixt comlines and chastity,
A deadly strife is thought to be.
For beauty which some men suppose, to be as tweere a golden fill,
Prouoketh strife and many foes, that sekes on her to worke their will.
Assaults to Townes if many make,
No Towne so strong but may be take.
And this Spurina witnesse can, who did for beauty beare the bell,
So cleane a wight, so comly made, no dame in Rome but loued well.
Not one could cole her hote desire,
So burning was the flame of fire.
Like as when baite cast in the flood, forthwith doth cause the fishes come
That pleasantly before did play, now presently to death doe runne.
For when they see the baite to fall,
Straight-way they swallow hooke and all.
So when Spurina they did see, to him they flocked out of hand,
She happiest Dame was thought to be, that in his fauour most did stand
Not knowing vnder sweete deceites,
How Venus hides her poysoned baites.
But whē he saw them thus to range, whō loue had linked in his chaine,
This meanes hee sought for to asswage those Ladies of their greeuous
His shape intending to disgrace, (paine.
With many wounds he scratcht his face.
By which his deed it came to passe, that he that seemed an Angel bright,
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that he became a loathsom wight.
And rather had he be foule and chast,
Then faire and filthy loyes to tast.
What pen can write or tong expresse, the worthy praises of this deede?

Ne

We think that God can do no leſſe, then grant him heauen for his méde.
Who for to ſaue himſelfe vpright,
Himſelfe hath firſt deſtroyed quite.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

57. A branch of hearbs and flowers.

IF that each flower that Gods haue fram'd, or ſhapt by ſacred ſkill,
Were as I would (no wrong to wiſh) and mine to weare at will.
Or elſe each træ with lucky top, would lend me leaue to loue,
With ſprings diſplayed to ſpred my ſute, a willing hart to proue.
Vpon my helme ſome ſhould you ſæ, my head aduanced hie,
Some ſlip for ſolace there to ſet, and weare the ſame would I.
Yet would I not for great delight, the Daizies ſtrange deſire,
The Lilly would not like my luſt, nor Roſe would I require.
The Marigold might grow for me, Roſemary well might reſt,
The Fennell too, that is more fit, for ſome vnfriendly gueſt.
Nor Cowſlips would I craue at all, ſometime they ſæme too coy,
Some iolly youth the Gillyflower eſtæmeth for his ioy.
The Lauender ſometimes aloft, allures the lokers eyes,
The Paunſie ſhall not haue the praiſe, where I may giue the priſe.
And thus no flowers my fancie fædes, or liketh ſo my luſt,
As that I may ſubiect my ſelfe, to toyes of fickle truſt.
For flowers though they be faire and freſh, of ſent excelling ſwæte,
Yet grow they on the ground below, we tread them with our fæte.
And ſhall I then goe ſtoupe to ſuch? or elſe goe ſæke to chooſe?
Shall flowers enforce me once to fawne, for feare of friends or foes?
Yet rather yæld I to the right, as reaſon hath aſſignd,
Mine Author ſaid there was no ſaluc, in flowers for me to finde.
And yet perhaps ſome træ there is, to ſhroud me from the ſhower,
That with her armes may ſaue the ſoule, that yældeth to her power.
Where I may finde ſome pleaſant ſhade, to ſaue me from the Sunne,
Each thing we ſæ that reaſon hath, vnto the træs doe runne.
Both men and beaſts, ſuch ſowles as flies, their treaſures are the træs,
And for my part, when branches fall, I wiſh no other fæs.
But when the ſtormes beſet me round, ſuch ſuccour God me ſend,
That I may finde a friendly træ, that will me well defend.
No træ there is which yælds no good, to ſome that doth it ſæke,
And as they are of diuers kinds, their vſes are vnlike.
The Ewgh træ ſerues the Bowyers turne, the Aſh the Coopers Art,
The puiſſant Oake doth make the poſt, the Pine ſome other part.

The

The Elme dooth helpe to hide the birds in weary Winters night,
The Bryers I gesse are nothing worth, they serue but for despight.
The Willow wish I farre from hence, good will deserues no wrong,
The Sallow well may serue their states, that sing so sad a song.
The Boxe and Beech each for him selfe, aboue the rest dooth bost,
The Eglantine for pleasure oft, is pricked vpon the post.
The Hawthorne is so sad in prise, the Bayes doo beare the bell,
And that these Bayes did bring no blisse, I like it not so well,
As erst I doo that seemely tree, by which those Bayes I found:
And there withall vnwittingly, I tooke so great a wound.
As if the tree by which I leane, dooth lend me no releefe,
There is no helpe but downe I fall, so great is growne my greefe,
And therefore at the last I craue, this fauour for to finde:
When euery tree that heere is told, begins to grow vnkinde.
The B. for beauty whom I boast, and shall aboue the rest,
That B. may take me to her trust, for B. doth please me best.
It likes me well to walke the way, where B. doth keepe her bower,
And when it raines to B. I runne, to saue me from the shower,
This branch of B. which heere I meane to keepe and chiefely craue,
At beck vnto this B. I bow, to serue that beauty braue.
What shall I say, the time doth passe, the tale too tedious is,
Though loth to leaue, yet leaue I must, and say no more but this.
I wish this B. I might embrace, when as the same I see,
A league for life then I require, betweene this B. and mee.
And though vnwoorthy, yet good will doth work the way heerein,
And B. hath brought the same about, which beauty did begin. Finis.

58. In commendation of Musicke.

WHere griping grief the hart would wound, & doleful dumps ẏ mind (oppresse,
there musick wͭ her siluer sound, is wont wͭ speede to giue redresse.
Of troubled minds for euery sore, sweet musick hath a salue in store:
In ioy it makes our mirth abound, in grief it cheeres our heauy sprights,
The carefull head releefe hath found, by musicks plesant sweet delights.
Our sences all, what should I say more? are subiect vnto musicks lore.
The Gods by musick hath their pray, the fish ẏ fowle therein doth ioy,
For as the Romaine Poets say, in seas whom Pirates would destroy.
A Dolphin saued from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his Harpe.
O heauenly gift that turnes the mind, like as the sterne doth rule ẏ ship,
Oh musick whō the Gods assignd to comfort man, whō cares would nip
Sith ẏ both man & beast dost moue, what wise man thē wil thee reproue.

FINIS.

59. A Dialogue betweene the Author and his eye.

Author.

My Eye, why didſt thou light on that which was not thine?
Why haſt thou with thy ſight thus ſlaine an hart of mine?
O thou vnhappy Eye, would God thou hadſt bene blind,
When firſt thou didſt her ſpie, for whom this greefe I find.

Eye.

Why ſir it is not I that do deſerue ſuch blame,
Your fancie, not your Eye, is cauſer of the ſame.
For I am ready preſt, as Page that ſerues your eaſe,
To ſearch what thing is beſt, that might your fancie pleaſe.

Author.

I ſent thee forth to ſee, but not ſo long to bide,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancies guide.
Thy meſſage being done, thou might'ſt returne againe,
So Cupid, Venus Sonne, no whit my hart ſhould paine.

Eye.

Where fancie beareth ſway, there Cupid will be bold,
And reaſon flies away from Cupids ſhaft of gold.
If you finde eaſe thereby, ſome deale of painefull ſmart,
Alas, blame not your eye, but blame conſent of hart.

Author.

My hart muſt I excuſe, and lay the fault on thee,
Becauſe thy ſight did chuſe, when hart from thought was free:
Thy ſight thus brought conſent, conſent hath bred my greefe,
And greefe bids me content, with ſorrow for releefe.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

60. Finding no ioy, he deſireth death.

The Cunny in his Caue, the Ferret doth anoy,
And flying thence his life to ſaue, himſelfe doth he deſtroy:
His burrough round about beſet, with Hunters ſnares,
So that when he to ſcape ſtarts out, is caught therein vnwares.
Like choiſe poore man haue I, to bide and reſt in loue,
Or elſe from thence to flie, as bad a death to proue.
I ſee in loue no reſt, vnkindnes doth perſue,
To rent his hart out of his breſt, which is a louer true.
And if from loue I ſtart, as one that loue forſakes,
Then penſiue thoughts my hart doth pearce, and ſo my life it takes.
Then thus to flie or bide, hard is the choyſe to chuſe,

With death hath camp'd & trencht each side, and sayeth, life now refuse.
Content I am therefore, my life therein to spend,
And death I take a salue for sore, my weary dayes to end.
And thus I you require, that faithfull loue professe,
When carkasse cased in his chest, and body laid on hearse,
Your brinish teares to saue, such as my course shall moue,
And therewith write vpon my graue, behold the force of loue.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

Hope well and haue well.

IN hope the shipman hoyseth saile, in hope of passage good,
In hope of health the sickest man doth suffer losse of blood.
In hope the prisoner linkt in chaines, hopes liberty to finde,
Thus hope breedes health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.
In hope desire gets victory, in hope great comfort springs.
In hope the Louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull stings.
In hope we liue and may abide, such stormes as are assignd.
Thus hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled mind.
In hope we easily suffer harme, in hope of future time,
In hope of fruite, the paines seme swet, that to the tree doth clime.
Hope of loue such glory growes, as now by proofe I find,
That hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled mind.

FINIS. W. *Hunnis.*

He requesteth some friendly comfort, affirming his constancie.

THe mountaines high, whose lofty tops doth meete the haughty skie,
The craggy Rocke, that to the Sea free passage doth denie.
The aged Oake that doth resist the force of blustering blast,
The pleasant hearbe that euery where a fragrant smell doth cast.
The Lyons force whose courage stout delares a prince-like might,
The Eagle that of worthines, is borne of Kings in sight.
The Serpent eke whose poysoned iawes doth belch out venime vile,
The loathsome Toade that shunneth light, and lyeth in exile.
These, these I say, and thousands more, by tract of time decay,
And like to time doe quite consume, and vade from time to clay.
But my true hart and seruice vow'd, shall last time out of minde,
And still remaine as thine by dome, as Cupid hath assignde.
My faith loe here I vow to thee, my troth thou knowest right well,
My goods, my friends, my life is thine, what neede I more to tell?
I am not mine, but thine I vow, thy hestes I will obay,
And serue thee as a seruant ought, in pleasing if I may.

And

And ſith I haue no flying wings, to ſée thée as I wiſh,
Ne finnes to cut the ſiluer ſtreames, as doth the gliding fiſh.
Therefore leaue now forgetfulnes, and ſend againe to me,
And ſtraine thy Azured veines to write, that I may greeting ſée.
And thus farwell more dære to me, then chiefeſt friend I haue,
Whoſe loue in hart I mind to ſhrine, till death his ſée doth craue.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

He complayneth his miſhap.

SHall rigour raigne where ruth hath runne, ſhall fancy now forſake?
Shall fortune loſe that fauour wonne, ſhall not your anger ſlake?
Shall hatefull hart be had in you, that friendly did pretend,
Shall ſlipper thought and faith vntrue, that hart of yours defend?
Shall nature ſhew your beauty faire, that gentle ſeemes to be?
Shall frowardnes your fancies heire, be of more force then ſhe?
Shall now diſdaine the dragge of death, direct and leade the way?
Shall all the Imps vpon the earth reioyce at my decay?
Shall this the ſeruice of my youth, haue ſuch reward at laſt?
Shall I receaue rigour of ruth, and be from fauour caſt?
Shall I therefore berent my haires, with wights that wiſh to die?
Or ſhall I bathe my ſelfe with teares, to fæde your fickle eye?
No, no, I ſhall in paine lie ſtill, with turtle Doue moſt true?
And vow my ſelfe to wit and will, their counſels to enſue?
Good Ladies all that louers be, and that to be pretend:
Giue place to wit, and reaſon ſeeme, your enemies to defend.
Leaſt that you think as I haue thought, your ſelfe to ſtriue in vaine,
And ſo be in thraldome brought, with me to ſuffer paine.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

No foe to a flatterer.

I Would it were not as I thinke, I wiſh it were not ſo:
I am not blind although I wink, I feele what winds do blow.
I know where craft with ſmiling cheare, creepes into bolned breſt,
I heare how fained ſpeech ſpeakes faire, where hatred is poſſeſt.
I ſee the Serpent lie and lurke, vnder the greene allowe,
I ſee him watch a time to worke, his poyſon to beſtowe.
In friendly loke ſuch fraud is found, as faith for feare is fled,
And friendſhip hath receaued ſuch wound, as he is almoſt dead.

And hatefull hart with malice great, ſo boiles in cankred mind,
That flattery flearing in the face, had almoſt made me blind.
But now I ſee, all is not gold that glittereth in the eye,
Nor yet ſuch friends as they profeſſe, as now by proſe I trye.
Though ſecret ſpight by craft, haue made a coate of Painters ſkin,
And thinkes to finde me in the ſhade, by ſlights to wrap me in.
Yet God be praiſed, my eye is clere, and can behold the Sunne,
When falſhod dare not once appeare, to ende that he begun.
Thus time ſhall trie the thing amiſſe, which God ſhall ſhortlie ſend,
And turne the hart that faigned is, to be a faithfull friend,

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

His compariſon of loue.

THe Spider with great ſkill, doth trauaile day by day,
His limbs no time lie ſtill, to ſet his houſe in ſtay.
And when he hath it wrought, thinking therein to raigne,
A blaſt of wind vnthought, doth driue it downe againe.
The proſe whereof is true, to make his worke endure,
He paines himſelfe a new, in hope to dwell more ſure,
And in ſome ſecret place, in corner of a wall,
He frameth himſelfe a place to build and reſt withall.
His pleaſure ſweet to ſtay, when he to reſt is bent:
An vgly Shamble Fly approcheth to his tent,
And there intends by force, his labours great to win,
Or elſe to yeeld his courſe, by fatall death therein.
Thus is the ſpiders neſt, from time to time throwne downe,
And he to labour preſt, with endleſſe paine vnknowne.
So ſuch as Louers be, like trauaile do attaine,
Thoſe endleſſe works ye ſee, are alwayes full of paine.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

A Louers ioy.

I Haue no ioy, but dreame of ioy, and ioy to think on ioy,
A ioy I haue withſtode, to finiſh mine anoy.
I hate not without cauſe alas, yet loue I know not why:
I thought to hate, I cannot hate, although that I ſhould dye.
A foe moſt ſweet, a friend moſt ſower, I ioy for to embrace,
I hate the wrong & not the wight, that wrokt my wofull caſe.
What thing is it, I know not I, but yet a thing there is,

That

That in my fancie ſtill perſwades, there is no other blis.
The ioyes of life, the pangs of death, it makes me fæle each day,
But life nor death this humour can deuiſe to weare away.
Faine would I die, but yet in death no hope I ſæ remaines,
And ſhall I liue, ſince life I ſæ a courſe of ſorry paines?
What is it then that I doe ſæke? what ioy would I aſpire?
A thing that is deuine belike, too high for mans deſire.

FINIS. F. K.

Euill to him that euill thinketh.

THe ſubtill ſlily ſlights, that worldly men doe worke,
The friendly ſhowes vnder whoſe ſhade, moſt craft doth often lurke.
Enforceth me alas with yearnfull voyce to ſay,
Woe worth the wily heads, that ſækes the ſimple mans decay.
The bird that dreads no guile, is ſoneſt caught in ſnare,
Each gentle hart deuoid of craft, is ſoneſt brought to care.
Good nature ſoneſt trapt, which giues me cauſe to ſay,
Woe worth the wily heads, that ſækes the ſimple mans decay.
I ſæ the ſerpent vile, that lurks vnder the græne,
How ſubtilly he ſhrouds himſelfe, that he may not be ſæne.
And yet his foſters bane, his fearing lokes bewray,
Woe worth the wily heads that ſækes the ſimple mans decay.
Woe worth the feyning lokes, or fauour that doe waite?
Woe worth the feyned friendly hart that harbours dæpe deceite?
Woe worth the Vipers brode: oh thrise woe worth I ſay
All worldly wily heads, that ſækes the ſimple mans decay.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

He aſſureth his conſtancie.

WIth painted ſpæch I liſt not prone, my cunning for to try,
Nor yet will vſe to fill my pen, with guilefull flattery:
With pen in hand, and hart in breaſt, ſhall faithfull promiſe make,
To loue you beſt, and ſerue you moſt, for your good vertues ſake.
And ſince dame Nature hath you deckt with gifts aboue the reſt,
Let not diſdaine a harbour finde, within your noble breſt.
For Loue hath led his law alike, to men of each degræ,
So ſhall the begger with the Prince, ſhew loue as well as hæ.
I am no Prince I muſt confeſſe, nor yet of Princes line,
Nor yet a brutiſh begger borne, that fædes among the Swine.
The fruite ſhall try the træ at laſt, the bloſſomes good or no,
Then doe not iudge of me the worſe, till you haue tried me ſo.

As I deserue, so then reward, I make you Iudge of all,
If I be false in word or deede, let lightning thunder fall,
And furies fell with frantick fits, bereaue and stay my breath,
For an example to the rest, if I shall breake my faith.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

Complayning of his mishap to his friend, he complaineth wittily.

A. The fire shall fraze, the frost shall fry the frozen mountaines hie.
B. What strange thing hath dame Natures force, to turne her course (awry?
A. My Loue hath me left and taken a new man.
B. This is not strange, it haps oft-times the truth to scan.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* each one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange? *B.* light loue will change.
A. By skilfull meanes I her reclaime, to stoupe vnto my lure,
B. Such haggerd Hawkes will soare away, of them who can be sure?
A. With siluer bels and hoode, my ioy was her to deck,
B. She was full gorgd, she would the sooner giue the check.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* each one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Her chirping lips would chirpe to me, sweet words of her desire,
B. Such chirping birds who euer saw, to preach still on one briar.
A. She said she loued me best, and would doe till she die.
B. She said in words she thought it not, as time doth trie.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine,
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* each one that hath wit,
A. Is not this strange, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Can no man win a woman so, to make her loue endure,
B. To make the Fore his wiles to leaue, what man will put in vre.
A. Why then there is no choice, but all women will change.
B. As men doe vse, so some women do loue to range.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine,
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* each one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Sith slipper gaines falls to my lot, farwell that gliding play,
B. Sith that the Dice doth run awry, betimes leaue off the play.
A. I will no more lament, the thing I may not haue:
B Then by exchange the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.
A. Loue will I refraine, *B.* thereby thou shalt gaine.

A. With

A. With loſſe I will leaue, *B.* ſhe will thee deceaue,
A. That is not ſtrange, *B.* then let her range.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

No paines comparable to his attempt.

LIke as the dolefull Doue delights alone to be,
And doth refuſe the blomed braunch, chooſing the leafeleſſe tree,
Whereon wayling his chaunce, with bitter teares beſprent,
Doth with his bill, his tender breaſt, oft pearce and all to rent:
Whoſe greeuous gronings tho, whoſe gripes of pinching paine,
Whoſe gaſtly loks, whoſe blody ſtreams out-flowing from each baine.
Whoſe falling from the tree, whoſe panting on the ground,
Examples be of mine eſtate, though there appeare no wound.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

He repenteth his folly.

ALack when I loke backe, vpon my youth that's paſt,
And deepely ponder youths offence, and youths reward at laſt:
With ſighs and teares I ſay, O God I not denie,
My youth with folly hath deſerued, with folly for to die.
But yet if euer ſinfull man, might mercy moue to ruth,
Good Lord with mercie doe forgiue, the follies of my youth.
In youth I ranged the fields, where vices all did grow,
In youth alas I wanted grace, ſuch vice to ouerthrow.
In youth what I thought ſweete, moſt bitter now doe finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with folly keepe me blind.
Yet as the Eagle caſts her bill, whereby her age renueth,
So Lord with mercie doe forgiue, the follies of my youth.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

No pleaſure without ſome paine.

HOw can the tree but waſt and wither away,
That hath not ſometime comfort of the Sunne:
How can that flower but vade and ſone decay,
That alwayes is with darke clouds ouer-runne:
Is this a life? nay death you may it call:
That feeles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all.
What foodleſſe beaſt can liue long in good plight,
Or is it life where ſences there be none?

Or what auaileth eyes, without their sight,
Or els a tongue to him that is alone.
Is this a life? nay death you may it call:
That feles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all.
Whereto serues eares, if that there be no sound,
Or such a head where no deuice doth grow:
But all of plaints, since sorrow is the ground,
Whereby the hart doth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life? nay death ye may it call,
That feles each paine and knowes no ioy at all.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

The fruite of fained friends.

In choise of friends, what hap had I, to chose one of Sirens kind, (blind,
whose harp, whose pipe, whose melody could fed my eares & make me
Whose pleasant voyce made me forget, that in sure trust is great deceit.
In trust I see is treason found, and man to man deceiptfull is,
And whereas treasure doth abound, of flatterers there do not misse,
Whose painted speech and outward show, do seme as friends & be not so.
Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the Crocodill,
Which if a man a sleepe may see, with bloody thirst desires to kill. (sleepe,
And then with teares a while gan weepe, the death of him thus slaine a
O fable false, thou traytor borne, what mischefe more might thou deuise
Then thy deere friend to haue in scorne, & him to wound in sundry wise,
Which still a friend pretends to be, and art not so by proofe I see.
Fie, fie vpon such treacherie. W. *H.*
If such false shippes do haunt the shore,
Strike downe the saile and trust no more. M. Edwards.

A Dialogue betweene a Gentleman and his Loue.

A. SHall I no way win you, to graunt my desire?
B. What woman will graunt you the thing you require?
A. You onely to loue me, is all that I craue,
B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.
A. My deere alas now say not so,
B. To loue you best I must say no.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* do still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Take me your man, *B.* beshrew me than.

A. The

A. The ſwifter I follow, then you flie away,
B. Swift Hawkes in their flying, oft times miſſe their pray.
A. Yet ſome killeth deadly, that flie to the marke,
B. You ſhall touch no feather, therefore take no carke.
A. Yet hope ſhall further my deſire,
B. You blow the coales and raiſe no fire.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* do ſtill, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,
A. Make me your man, *B.* beſhrew me than.

A. To loue is no danger where true loue is ment,
B. I will loue no ranger leaſt that I repent.
A. My Loue is no ranger, I make God a vow,
B. To truſt your ſmoth ſayings, I ſure know not how.
A. Moſt truth I meane, as time well ſhall trie,
B. No truth in men I oft eſpie.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* do ſtill, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* beſhrew me than.

A. Some women may ſay nay, and meane loue meſt true:
B. Some women can make fooles of as wiſe men as you.
A. In time I ſhall catch you, I know when and where,
B. I will ſone diſpatch you, you ſhall not come there.
A. Some ſpades at length, that oft haue miſt,
B. I am well arm'd, come when you liſt.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit,
A. I will, *B.* do ſtill, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not:
A. Make me your man, *B.* beſhrewd me than.

A. Yet work your kind kindly, graunt me loue for loue,
B. I will vſe you friendly, as I ſhall you proue.
A. Moſt true you ſhall finde me, I this do proteſt.
B. Then ſure thou ſhalt bind me, to graunt thy requeſt.
A. A happy thred now haue I ſpunne,
B. You ſing before the conqueſt wunne.
A. Why then will you ſwarue? *B.* euen as you deſerue.
A. Loue ſtill, *B.* I will, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* come to me than. Finis. M. Edwards.

Exclaiming vpon his vnkind Loue, his friend replieth wittily.

M. What death may be compared to Loue?
H. What greefe therein now dost thou proue?
M. My paines alas who can expresse?
H. I see no cause of heauinesse.
M. My Ladies lookes my woe hath wrought,
H. Then blame thine eyes that first hath sought.
M. I burne alas and blow the fire,
H. A fole consumes by his desire.
M. What shall I doe than? *H.* Come out if thou can.
M. Alas I die, *H.* What remedie.

M. My sugred sweet is mixed with gall,
H. Thy Lady cannot doe withall.
M. The more I seeke the lesse I finde,
H. Then striue not with the streame and wind.
M. Her must I loue, although I smart,
H. With thy owne sword thou slayest thy hart.
M. Such pleasant baites who can refraine,
H. Such baites will sure breede thee great paine.
M. What shall I doe than? *H.* Come out and thou can,
M. Alas I die, *H.* What remedie.

M. Her golden beames mine eyes did daze,
H. Upon the Sonne thou mayest not gaze.
M. Shee might reward my cruell smart,
H. Shee thinks thou hadst a faigned hart.
M. Shee laughs to heare my wofull criss,
H. Forsake her then, in time be wise.
M. No, no, alas that may not be,
H. No wiseman then will pitty thee.
M. What shall I doe than? *H.* Come out and thou can,
M. Alas I die, *H.* What remedie.

M. A liuing death loe thus I proue,
H. Such are the fruites of froward loue.
M. O that I might her loue once gaine,
H. Thy gaine would not halfe quite thy paine.

M. Her

M. Yet will I loue, though ſhe be coy,
H. A fole himſelfe will ſtill anoy.
M. Who will not die for ſuch a one?
H. Be wiſe at length, let her alone.
M. I cannot do ſo, *H.* then be thine owne foe,
M. Alas I die, *H.* What remedie.

FINIS. E. S.

The complaint of a Louer, wearing black and tawnie.

A Crowne of Bayes ſhall that man weare,
That triumphs ouer me:
For blacke and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.
The more I follow on, the more ſhe fled away,
As Daphne did full long agone, Apollos wiſhfull pray.
The more my plaints I doe reſound, the leſſe ſhe pitties me,
The more I ſought, the leſſe I found, that mine ſhe meant to be.
Melpomene alas, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And ſing Bis, woe worth on me forſaken man.
Then Daphnes Bayes ſhall that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For black and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours be.
Drowne me with trickling teares, you wailefull wights of woe,
Come helpe theſe hands to rent my haires, my rufull hap to ſhoe,
Of whom the ſcorching flames of loue doth fede you ſee,
Ah a lalalantida my deere dame hath thus tormented me.
Wherefore you Muſes nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And ſing Bis, woe worth on me forſaken man.
Then Daphnes Bayes ſhall that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For black and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours be,
An Ankers life to leade, with nailes to ſcratch my graue,
Where earthly wormes on me ſhall fede, is all the ioyes I craue.
And hide my ſelfe from ſhame, ſith that mine eyes do ſee,
Ah a lalalantida, my deere dame hath thus tormented me.
And all that preſent be, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And ſing Bis, woe worth on me forſaken man.

FINIS. E. O.

Finding no releeſe, he complaineth thus.

I N queſt of beleefe, I finde diſtreſſe,
In recompence of loue, moſt daye diſdaine:

My languor such as words may not expresse,
A shower of teares my watery eye doth raine.
I dreame of blisse, and doe define of woe,
I wander in the thoughts of my swæt foe.
I would no peace, the cause of warre I flie,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in frost:
I lie alow, yet mounts my mind on hie,
Thus doubtfull stormes my troubled thoughts haue tost.
And for my paine, this pleasure doe I [illegible] cue,
I hate my selfe, and pine in others loue.
The world I graspe, yet hold I nought at all,
At liberty I seeme in prison pent:
I tast the swæt more lower then bitter gall,
My ship seemes sound, and yet her ribs be rent.
And out alas on Fortune false I crie,
Loke what I craue, that still she doth denie.
Both life and death be equall vnto me,
I doe desire to die, yet craue I life:
My wits with sundry thoughts doe disagrée,
My selfe am with my selfe at mortall strife.
As warmth of Sunne doth melt the siluer snow,
The heate of loue, behold consumes me so.

FINIS. H. Hill.

Written vpon the death of his especiall good friend Master Iohn Barnabe, who departed this life at Benstted, in the County of Southhampton, the 25. of Ianuary, 1579. Ætatis. 79.

MIne own good Father thou art gone, thine eares are stopt with clay,
Thy ghost is fled, thy body dead, thou hearest not what I say.
Thy dearest friends may sigh and sob, thy children cry and call,
Thy wife may waile and not prevaile, nor doe thee good at all.
Though reason would we should reioyce, and trickling teares restraine,
Yet kindlines and friendlines, enforce vs to complaine.
Thy life was good, our losse the more, thy presence chærd our hart,
Thy lacke and absence turne therefore, our solace into smart.
I found thee both a kindly friend, and friendly Father too,
Barnabe lacks breath, O cruell death, and couldest thou part vs two?
But death derides my wofull words, and to my saying saith,
Tush foolish wight I did but right, I force no friend nor faith.

The

The Lord of life, and Lord of death, my threatning hand did let,
Elſe when that he in cradle lay, I might haue claimd my debt.
His corpes is clad with clods of earth, his ſoule doth ſoare on high,
Before the throane of God aboue, whoſe ſeruant he did die.
And thou his friend, and ſhe his ſpouſe, and they his children ſhall,
Behold the Father, friend, and mate, whoſe abſence greeues you all.
But he nor can, nor will returne to thee, or her, or them,
For heauen is his, he liues in bliſſe, yee dwell with mortall men.
Ye dwell in darke and dreadfull den, in priſon pent are ye,
He liues in light, and all delight, from thraldome frank and free.
Wiſh not that he ſhould come to you, for then yee doe him wrong,
But wiſh that yee may goe to him, the bleſſed Saints among.

FINIS. H. D.

Cœlum non ſolum.

IF care or ſkill could conquer vaine deſires,
Or reaſons raynes, my ſtrong affection ſtay:
Then ſhould my ſighs to quiet breaſt retire,
And ſhun ſuch ſighs as ſecret thoughts bewray.
Uncomely loue which now lurks in my breſt,
Should ceaſe my greefe, though wiſedomes power oppreſt.
But who can leaue to looke on Venus face,
Or yeeldeth not to Iunos high eſtate?
What wit ſo wiſe, as giues not Pallas place?
Theſe vertues rare, each Gods did yeeld a mate.
Saue her alone who yet on earth doth raigne,
Whoſe beauties ſtring, no God can well deſtraine.
What worldly wight, can hope for heauenly hire,
When onely ſighs muſt make his ſecret mone:
A ſilent ſute, doth ſild to grace aſpire.
My hapleſſe hap, doth rowle the reſtleſſe ſtone.
Yet Phœbe faire diſdaind the heauens aboue,
To ioy on earth, her poore Endimions loue.
Rare is reward, where none can iuſtly craue,
For chaunce is choyce, where reaſon makes no claime,
Yet lucke ſometimes, diſpairing ſoules doth ſaue,
A happy ſtarre made Giges ioy attaine.
A ſlauiſh Smith of rude and raſcall race,
Found meanes in time to gaine a Goddeſſe grace.

Then lofty Loue thy sacred sailes aduaunce,
My sighing Seas shall flow with streames of teares:
Amidst disdaine driue forth thy dolefull chaunce,
A valiant minde no deadly danger feares.
Who loues aloft, and sets his hart on hie,
Deserues no paine, though he doe pine and die.

FINIS. E. O.

A Louer reiected, complaineth.

THe trickling teares that falls along my cheekes,
The secret sighs that showes my inward greefe:
The present paines perforce, that loue aye seekes,
Bids me renue my cares without releefe.
In wofull song, in dole display,
My pensiue hart for to bewray.
Bewray thy greefe, thy wofull hart with speede,
Resigne thy voyce, to her that causd thy woe:
With irksome cries, bewaile thy late done deede,
For she thou loueſt, is sure thy mortall foe,
And helpe for thee, there is none sure,
But still in paine thou must endure.
The stricken Deare hath helpe to heale his wound,
The haggard Hawke, with toile is made full tame:
The strongest Tower, the Canon layes on ground,
The wiſest wit that euer had the fame,
Was thrall to loue, by Cupids sleights:
Then weigh my cause with equall weights.
She is my ioy, she is my care and woe,
She is my paine, she is my ease therefore,
She is my death, she is my life also,
She is my salue, she is my wounded sore.
In fine she hath the hand and knife,
That may both saue and end my life.
And shall I liue on earth to be her thrall?
And shall I sue and serue her all in vaine?
And kisse the steps that she let fall,
And shall I pray the Gods to keepe the paine,
From her that is so cruell still:
No, no, on her worke all your will.

And let her fæle the power of all your might,
And let her haue her moſt deſire with ſpæde:
And let her pine away both day and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her næde.
And let all thoſe that ſhall her ſæ,
Deſpiſe her ſtate, and pitty me.

FINIS. L. O.

Not attayning to his deſire, he complaineth.

I Am not as I ſæme to be, for when I ſmile I am not glad,
A thrall although you count me frę, I moſt in mirth moſt penſiue ſad
I ſmile to ſhade my bitter ſpight, as *H*anibal that ſaw in ſight, (downe.
His Countrey ſoyle, with Carthage Towne, by Romaine force defaced
And Cæſar that preſented was, with noble Pompeis princely head,
As twere ſome Iudge to rule the caſe, a flood of teares he ſæmd to ſhed.
Although in dæde it ſprung of ioy, yet other thought it was anoy,
Thus contraries be vſed I finde, of wiſe to cloke the couert minde.
I Haniball that ſmiles for greefe, and let you Cæſars tearcs ſuffice,
The one that laughs at his miſchæfe, the other all for ioy that cries.
I ſmile to ſæ me ſcorned ſo, you wæpe for ioy to ſæ me wod.
And I in hart by loue ſlaine dead, preſents a place of Pompeis head.
O cruell hap and hard eſtate, that forceth me to loue my foe,
Accurſed be ſo foule a fate, my choice for to prefire it ſo.
So long to fight with ſecret fore, and finde no ſecret ſalue therefore,
Some purge their paine by plaint I finde, but I in vaine doe breath my (winde.

FINIS. E. O.

A young Gentleman willing to trauaile into forraine parts, being entreated to ſtay in England. Who wrote as followeth.

WHo ſækes the way to win renowne,
Or fleeth with wings of high deſire:
Who ſækes the way to win renowne,
Or hath the mind that would aſpire,
Let him his native ſoyle eſchew:
Let him goe range, and ſæke a new.
Each haughty hart is well content,
With euery chance that ſhall betide,
No hap can hinder his intent.
Ye ſtedfaſt ſtands, though Fortune ſlide.

The

The Sunne sayeth he doth shine as well
Abroade as erst where I did dwell.
In change of streames each fish can liue,
Each fowle content with euery ayre:
The noble minds each where can thriue,
And not be drownd in deepe dispaire.
Wherefore I iudge all lands alike,
To haughty harts that Fortune seeke.
To tosse the Seas some thinks a toyle,
Some thinke it strange abroade to rome:
Some thinke it greefe to leaue their soyle,
Their parents, kindsfolks, and their home.
Thinke so who list, I like it not,
I must abroade to try my lot.
Who list at home at Cart to drudge:
And carke and care for worldly trash,
With buckled shoe let him goe trudge,
In steede of launce a whip to swash.
A mind that's base himselfe will showe,
A carrion sweet to feede the Crowe.
If Iason of that minde had beene,
Or wandring Prince that came from Greece:
The golden fleece had beene to winne,
And Priams Troy had beene in blisse.
Though dead in deedes and clad in clay,
Their worthy Fame will nere decay.
The worthies nine that were of mights,
By trauaile wonne immortall praise:
If they had liued like Carpet Knights,
Consuming idely all their daies.
Their praises had beene with them dead,
Where now abroad their Fame is spread.

FINIS.

No ioy comparable to a quiet minde.

IN loathsome race, pursued by slippery life,
Whose sugred guile, with glittering toy present:
The carefull goast oppressed sore with strife,
Yelds gastly groanes from painfull passions sent.

The sinfull flesh that beares him here in viewe,
In stæd of life, dooth dreadful death pursue.
The way he sæth by touch of merites grace,
Wherein to runne alas he gladly would:
But filthy flesh, his wretched dwelling place,
Dooth so rebell, at that which doo he shoulde,
That sillie soule, who fædes his heauie næd,
Can onely will, but nought performe indæd.
Thy will through grace doth oft desire the good,
But all in vaine, for that the fleshly foe
Yældes forth such fruites as sinnes hath bred in bud,
And blindely suckes the sap of deadly woe.
Estæming shewes of fickle fancies knowne,
And scorning fruite by grace, eternall sowne.
Though eye doth sæ that death doth swallow all,
Both life and lust, and euerie sound delight:
Yet wretched flesh through sinne is made so thrall,
That nought it markes apparant things in sight.
That might him traine, to care of better grace:
Both doth him bale, with grædy lust imbrace.
Then since desert, and all thinges weare away,
That nought remaine, but fruite of grace or sinne:
God build in vs such conscience as can say,
This fruite not mine, but sinne that dwell in me.
For why to sinne, I dayly die in sight:
That vnto Christ I may reuiue my spright.

Finis. ꝙ. Candishe.

That loue is requited by disdaine.

IN searche of thinges that secret are, my mated muse began,
What it might be, molested most the head and minde of man.
The bending browe of Princes face to wrath that doth attend,
Or want of Parentes, wife, or childe, or losse of faithfull frænd.
The roaring of the Cannon shot, that makes the pæce to shake,
Or terrour such as mightie Ioue from heauen aboue can make.
All these in fine may not compare experience so doth proue,
Vnto the torments sharpe and strange, of such as be in loue.
Loue lookes aloft, and laughes to scorne, all such as griefe anoy,
The more extreame their passions be, the greater is his ioy.

Thus loue as victour of the field, triumphes aboue the reſt,
And toyes to ſee his ſubiects lie, with liuing death in breſt,
But dire diſdaine lets driue a ſhaft, and gaules this bragging foole,
He plucks his plumes, vnbends his bow, and ſets him now to ſchoole.
Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conqrerour ouer all,
Now yeelds himſelfe vnto diſdaine, his vaſſall and his thrall.

FINIS W. Hunnis.

Of a contented eſtate.

IN wealth we ſee ſome welthy men abound in wealth moſt welthily,
In welth we ſee thoſe men againe, in welth doe liue moſt wretchedly.
And yet of welth hauing more ſtore,
Then earſt of welth they had before.
Theſe welthy mē do ſeeme to want, they ſeeme to want ẏ moſt they haue,
The more poſſeſſe, ẏ more they craue, ẏ more they craue, ẏ greater ſtore,
The moſt they haue, they thinke but ſcant,
Yet not content woe be therefore,
The ſimple mē that leſſe welth haue, with leſſer welth we ſee content,
Content are they twixt welth and ſcathe a life to leade indifferent.
And thus of wealth theſe men had more:
Then thoſe of which we ſpoke before.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

Being diſdained he complaineth.

IF friendleſſe faith, if guiltles thought may ſhield,
If ſimple trueth that neuer ment to ſwarue,
If deere deſire accepted fruit doe yelde,
If gredie luſt, in loyall life doe ſerue,
Then may my plaint, bewaile my heauie harme,
That ſeeking calme, haue ſtumbled on the ſtorme.
My wonted cheare, eclipſed by the cloud,
Of deepe diſdaine, through errour of report:
If wearie we enwrapped in the ſhrowde,
Lies ſlaine by tongue, of the vnfriendly ſort.
Yet heauen and earth and all that nature wrought,
I call to vow of my vnſpoted thought.
No ſhade I ſeeke, in part to ſhield my taint,
But ſimple trueth, I hunt no other ſuite:
On that I gape, the iſſue of my plaint,

If

If that I quaile, let iuſtice me confute.
If that my place amongſt the guiltleſſe ſort,
Repay by doome my name and good report.
Goe heanie verſe, purſued deſired grace,
Where pittie ſhrinde in cell of ſecret breſt:
Awaites my haſte, the rightfull lot to place,
And loaths to ſee the guiltleſſe man oppreſt,
Whoſe vertues greate, hath crownd her more with fame,
Then kingly ſtate, thought largely ſhine the ſame.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Of the meane eſtate.

The higher that the Cedar tree vnto the heavens do grow,
The more in danger is the top, when ſturdie winds gan blow.
Who iudges them in Princely throne, to be devoid of hate,
Doth yet not know what heaps of ill, lies hid in ſuch eſtate.
Such dangers great, ſuch gripes of mind, ſuch toyle do they ſuſtaine,
That often times of God they wiſh, to be vnkingd againe.
For as the huge and mightie rocks, withſtand the raging ſeas,
So kingdoms in ſubiection be, whereas dame fortune pleaſe.
Of brittle ioy, of ſmiling cheare, of honie mixt with gall,
Alotted is to euerie Prince, in freedome to be thrall.
What watches long, what ſleeps vnſure, what griefe and care of mind,
What bitter broiles, what endleſſe toyles, to kingdoms be aſſignd.
The ſubiect then may well compare with Prince for pleaſant daies,
Whoſe ſilent night brings quiet reſt, whoſe ſteppes no ſtorms bewraies.
Yoke much be we then bound to God, who ſuch prouiſion makes,
To lay our cares vpon the Prince, thus doth he for our ſakes.
To him therefore let vs lift vp our harts, and pray amaine:
That euerie Prince that he hath plaſt, may long in quiet raigne.

FINIS.

Of a contented minde.

When all is done and ſaide, the end thus ſhall you finde,
The moſt of all doe bath in bliſſe, that hath a quiet minde.
And cleere from worldly cares, to deeme can be content:
The ſweeteſt time of all this life in thinking to be ſpent.
The body ſubiect is to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of miſhaps, is caſuall euerie hower.

And death in time, doth change it to a clod of clay?
When as the minde which is deuine, runnes neuer to decay.
Companion none is like vnto the minde alone,
For many haue beene harm'd by speech through thinking fewe or none,
Fewe oftentimes restraineth words, but makes no thoughts to cease,
And he speakes best that hath the skill, when for to holde his peace.
Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsmen at the graue,
But vertues of the minde, vnto the heauens with vs we haue.
Therefore for vertues sake, I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life, to deeme in thinking spent.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Try before you trust.

TO counsaile mine estate abandonde to the spoyle:
Of forged frendes, whose groseſt fraude, is set with fineſt foyle.
To verefie true dealing wights, whose truſt no treason treads:
And all to deare the acquaintance be, of such moſt harmefull heads.
I am aduiſed thus, who so doth friend, friend so,
As though to morrow nert he feard, for to become a foe.
To haue a faigned friend, no perrill like I finde,
Oft fearing face may man tell beſt, a miſchiefe in the minde.
A paire of Angelles eares oft times, doth hide a Serpents hart,
Vnder whoſe gripes who so doth come, too late bewailes the smart.
Wherefore I do aduiſe, who so doth friend, friend so,
As though to morrow nert he feard, for to become a foe.
Refuſe reſpecting friendes, that courtlie know to faine,
For golde that winnes, for gold ſhall loſe the ſelfe ſame friend againe.
The Quaile needes neuer feare, the Fowlers nets to fall,
If he would neuer bend his eare, to liſten to his call,
Therefore truſt not too ſoone, but when you friend, friend ſo,
As though to morrow nert you feard, for to become a foe.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

He renounceth all the effects of loue.

LYke as the Hart that liſteth vp his eares,
To heare the hounds, that hath him in the chaſe:
Doth caſt the winde in dangers and in feares,
With flying foote to paſſe away apace.
So muſt I flie, of Loue the vaine purſuite:
Where the gaine is leſſer then the fruite.

And

And I alſo muſt loath thoſe leering lookes,
Where loue doth lurke ſtill with his ſubtile ſlight:
With painted mockes, and inward hidden hookes,
To trappe by truſt, that lieth not in waite.
The end whereof, aſſay it who ſo ſhall,
Is ſugred ſmart, and inward bitter gall.
And I muſt flye thoſe Syrian ſongs,
Wherewith that Circes Vliſſes did inchaunt:
Thoſe wily wattes, I meane with filed tongs,
That harts of ſteele haue power to daunt.
Who ſo as Hauke that ſtoopeth to their call,
For moſt deſert, receiueth leaſt of all.
But woe to me that firſt beheld thoſe eyes,
The trappe wherein I ſay that I was tane,
And outward ſalue, which inward me deſtroyes,
Whereto I runne as Rat vnto her bane.
As to the fiſh ſomtime it doth befall:
That with the baite doth ſwallow hooke and all.
Within my breſt wherewith I daylie fede,
The vaine repaſt, of amorous hot deſire:
With loytring luſt, ſo long that hath me fed,
Till he hath brought me to the flaming fire.
In time as Phœnix endes her care and carkes,
I make the fire, and burne my ſelfe with ſparkes.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Bethinking himſelfe of his end, writeth thus.

WHen I behold the Beare, my laſt and poſting horſe,
That beare ſhall to the graue, my vile and carren coarſe:
Then I ſay ſillie wretch, why doſt thou put thy truſt?
In things that is made of clay, and ſone will turne to duſt?
Doſt thou not ſee the yong, the hardy and the faire?
That now are paſt and gone, as though they neuer were?
Doſt thou not ſee thy ſelfe draw howrely to thy laſt?
As ſhaftes the which are ſhot, at birdes that flyeth faſt?
Doſt thou not ſee how death doth ſtrike through with his Launce,
Some by warre, ſome by plague, and ſome by worldly chaunce?
What thing is there on earth, for pleaſure that was made?
But goeth more ſwift away, then doth the ſommer ſhade?

Loe heere the Sommer flower, that ſprung this other day,
But Winter withereth as faſt, and bloweth cleane away.
Euen ſo ſhalt thou conſume, from youth to lothſome age,
For death he doth not ſpare, the Prince more then the Page.
Thy houſe ſhall be of clay, a clot vnder thy head,
Vntill the latter day the graue ſhall be thy bed.
Vntill the blowing trump doth ſay to all and ſome:
Riſe vp out of thy graue, for now the Iudge is come.

Finis. L. Vaux.

Beeing in loue, he complaineth.

EFforſt by loue and feare to pleaſe and not offend:
Within the words you would me write, a meſſage I muſt ſend.
A wofull errand ſure a wretched man muſt write,
A wretched tale a wofull head beſeemeth to indite.
For what can he but waile, that hath but all he would:
And yet that all it nought at all, but lack of all he ſhould.
But lack of all his minde, what can be greater greefe:
Than haue and lack that likes him beſt, muſt needs be moſt miſchéefe.
Now ſole what makes thee waile, this ſome might ſay full well.
Thou haſt no harme but of thy ſelfe, as thou thy ſelfe canſt tell.
To whom I aunſwere thus, ſince all my harmes do grow
Vpon my ſelfe, ſo of my ſelfe, ſome hap may come I trow.
And ſince I ſée, both hap and harme betides to me:
For preſent woe my after bliſſe will make me not forget thée.
Who hath a fielde of gold and may not come therein
Muſt liue in hope, till he haue force his treaſure well to win.
Whoſe ioyes by hope of dread, to conquer or to loſe:
So great a wealth doth riſe: and for example doth diſcloſe.
To winne the golden Fleece, ſtode Iaſon not in dread.
Till Medeas hope of health did giue him hope to ſpéede.
Yet ſure his minde was much, and yet his feare the more
That hath no hap but by your helpe: may hap for to reſtore.
The raging Bulles he dread: yet by his Ladies charme,
He knew it might be brought to paſſe they could doe little harme.
Vnto whoſe grace yeeld he, as I do offer mée,
Into your hands to hap, not like him for to be.
But as King Priamus did yeeld him to the will,
Of Creſſed falſe, which him forſoke with Diomede to ſpill,

So

So I to you commend my fayth, and eke my ioy,
I hope you wil not be ſo falſe as creſſed was to Troy,
For if I be vntrue, her Lazars death I wiſh.
And eke in thee if thou be falſe her clapper & her diſh.
Finis. R. L.

Beeing in trouble, he writeth thus.

IN terrous trap with thraldome thrust,
Their throny thoughts to taſt and try.
In conſcience cleare from cauſe vniuſt,
With carping teares did call and cry,
And ſaid, O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. Bis.
Thus trembling there with teares I trod,
To totter tide in truthes defence:
With ſighes and ſobs, I ſaid O God,
Let right not haue this recompence.
Leaſt that my foes might laugh to ſee,
That thou wouldſt not deliuer me. Bis.
My ſoule then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and torne:
And did bewaile the loſſe it wanne,
With loathſome life, ſo long forlorne,
And ſayd, O God yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. Bis.
Then comfort came with clothes of ioy,
Whoſe ſeames were faithfull ſtedfaſtnes:
And did bedecke the naked boy,
That earſt was full of wretchednes:
And ſaid, be glad, for God is he,
That ſhortly will deliuer thee.
Finis. W. Hunnis.

Being troubled in minde, writeth as followeth.

THe bitter ſweat that ſtraines my yelded hart,
The careleſſe count that doth the ſame embrace:
The doubtfull hope to reape my due deſert,
The penſiue path that guides my reſtleſſe race,
Are at ſuch warre within my wounded breſt,
As doth bereue my ioy, and eke my reſt.

My

My greedy will, that ſeekes the golden gaine,
My luckleſſe lot, doth alway take in worth:
My mated minde, that dreades my ſutes in vaine,
My pitteous plaint, doth helpe to ſet it forth.
So that betweene two waues of raging Seas,
I driue my daies, in troubles and diſeaſe.

My wofull eyes do take their chiefe delight,
To feede their fill vpon the pleaſant maze.
My hidden harmes that grow in me by ſight:
With pining paines to driue me from the gaze,
And to my hope, I reape no other hire,
But burne my ſelfe and I doe blow the fire.

FINIS, I. Haywood.

Looke or you leape.

IF thou in ſuretie ſafe wilt ſit,
If thou delight at reſt to dwell,
Spend no more wordes then ſhall ſeeme fit,
Let tongue in ſilence talke expell.
In all things that thou ſeeſt men bent,
See all, ſay nought, holde thee content.

In worldly workes degrees are three,
Markers, doers, and lookers on,
The lookers on haue libertie,
Both the others to iudge vpon,
Wherefore in all, as men are bent,
See all, ſay nought, hold thee content.

The markers oft are in fault found,
The doers doubt of praiſe or ſhame.
The lokers on finde ſureſt ground,
They haue the fruit, yet free from blame.
This doth perſwade in all heere ment,
See all, ſay nought, hold thee content.

The proverb is not South and weſt,
Which hath been ſaid long time agoe:
Of little medling commeth great reſt,

The busie man never wanted woe,
The best way is in all worlds sent:
Sæ all, say nought, hold thæ content.

Finis. I. Haywood.

A description of the World.

WHat is the World? a net to snare the soule,
A masse of sinne, a desert of deceipt:
A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, for flesh a lothsome baite.
Unto the minde a canker, worme of care,
Unsure, vniust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride ore-runnes the honest minde,
Where rich men ioynes to rob the shiftlesse wretch,
Where bribing mists do blind the Iudges eyen,
Where Parasites the fattest crummes do catch.
Where good deserts which challenge like reward,
Are ouer-blowne with blasts of light regard.

And what is man, dust, sime, a puse of winde,
Conceiu'd in sinne, plast in the world with griefe:
Brought vp with care, till care hath caught his minde,
And then till death vouchsafe him some relæfe,
Day yea nor night his care doth take an end,
To gather goods for other men to spend.

Oh foolish man that art in office plast
Thinke whence thou camst, and whether thou shalt goe,
The hautie Oakes small windes haue ouercast,
When slender weedes, in roughest weather grow.
Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight,
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You luskie youths that nourish high desire,
Abate your plumes which make you looke so big,
The Colliers cut, the Courtiers steede will tire,
Euen so the Clarke, the Parsons graue doth dig.
Whose hap so is, yet heere long life to winne,
Doth heape God wot, but sorrow vpon sinne.

And to be ſhort, all ſorts of men take heede,
The thunder bolts the loftie towers teare:
The lightning flaſh, conſumes the houſe of reede,
Yea more, in time all earthly things will weare.
Saue onely man, who as his earthly time is,
Shall liue in woe, or elſe in endleſſe bliſſe.
Finis. G. Gaske.

A wittie and pleaſant conceit.

WHat fonde delight? what fancies ſtrange,
What deepe deſpight? what ſuddaine change,
What ſtilling greefe? what deepe debates,
Do runne ſo rife in doltiſh pates.

Who viewes and ſees, and takes no heede,
Who ſeekes degrees and cannot ſpeede,
In ſteede of ioyes ſhall reape ſuch woes,
As breed annoyes twixt frends and foes.

Who wiſing wants and liues alone,
When thriuing ſcants is ouerthrowne,
Who ſeekes to thriue, and findes no way,
May chaunce to ſtriue and marre the play.

Who ſpendes his wealth and winnes the wine,
Doth hurt himſelfe, and helpe the Swine.
Who haunts the houſe where ale is ſold,
May gaine a cruſt, and loſe his gold.

Who ſpinnes by ſpight, and reeles by woe,
Who takes delight in roling ſo,
Doth dubbe himſelfe a drouſie head,
And brings a drouſie ſole to bed.

Who rides aloft, and cannot rule:
Who ſits not ſoft and keepes his ſtole,
Doth both content themſelues with wrong,
But wiſe men will not vſe it long.
Finis. I. H.

The

The complaint of a ſinner, and ſung by the Earle of *Eſſex* vpon his death-bed, in Ireland.

O Yͤ heauenly God, O Father deere, caſt downe thy tender eye,
Vpon a wretch, that proſtrate here, before thy face doth lie:
O poure thy precious oyle of grace, into my wounded hart,
O let the droppes of mercie ſwage, the rigour of my ſmart.

My fainting ſoule ſuppreſſed ſore, with carefull clogge of ſinne,
In humble ſort ſubmits it ſelfe, thy mercy for to winne:
Graunt mercy then, O Sauiour Sweete, to me moſt wofull thrall,
Whoſe mournefull cry to thee, O Lord, doth ſtill for mercy call.

Thy bleſſed will I haue deſpiſ'de vpon a ſtubborne minde,
And to the ſway of worldly things, my ſelfe I haue enclind:
Forgetting heauen & heauenly powers, where God & Saints do dwell,
My life had like to tread the path, that leades the way to hell.

But now my Lord, my Lodeſtarre bright, I will no more do ſo:
To thinke vpon my former life, my hart doth melt for woe.
Alas I ſigh, alas I ſobbe, alas I doe repent,
That euer my licencious will, ſo wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore, with carefull plaint, I do thy mercie craue,
O Lord for thy great mercie ſake, let me thy mercie haue:
Reſtore to life the wretched ſoule, that elſe is like to die,
So ſhall my voyce vnto thy Name, ſing praiſe eternally.

Now bleſſed by the Father firſt, and bleſſed be the Sonne:
And bleſſed be the holy Ghoſt, by whom all things are done.
Bleſſe me, O bleſſed Trinitie, with thine eternall grace,
That after death my ſoule may haue, in heauen a dwelling place.

Finis.

The fruite that ſprings from wilfull wits, is ruth and ruines rage:
And ſure what headleſſe youth commits, repentance rues in age.

I Rage in reſtleſſe youth, and ruines rule my daies,
I rule (too late) my reſtleſſe youth, by rules of reaſons waies.
I ranne ſo long a race, in ſearch of ſureſt way:

That leysure learnd me tread, the trace that leades to lewd decay.
I gaue so large a raine, to vnrestrained bitte,
That now with proofe of after paine, I waile my want of wit.
I trifled forth the time, with trust to selfe conceits,
Whilst plenties vse prickt forth my time, to sake for sugred baites.
Wherein once learnd to finde, I found so sweet a taste,
That due foresight of after spade, selfe will esteemed waste.
Which will through wilfulnes, hath wrought my witlesse fall,
And heedlesse youths vnskilfulnes, hath lapt my life in thrall.
Whereby by proofe I know, that pleasure breedeth paine:
And he that euill seede doth sow, euill fruite must reape againe.
Let such therefore whose youth, and purses are in prime,
Foresee and shun the helplesse ruth, which sues mispent of time.
For want is next to waste, and shame doth sinne ensue,
Euill speeding proofe, hath heedlesse hast, my selfe hath prooued it true.
When neighbors next house burnes, tis time thereof take heede,
For Fortunes wheele hath choise of turnes, which change of chaunces
My saile hath beene aloft, though now I beare but low, (dreade.
Who climes so high, seld falleth soft, deadst ebbe hath highest flow.

FINIS. ℣ Yloope.

Maister Edwards his I may not.

IN May by kinde Dame Nature wils, all earthly wights to sing,
In May the new and coupled foules may ioy the liuely spring:
In May the Nightingale her notes doth warble on the spray,
In May the birds their mossie nests, do timber as they may,
In May the swift and turning Hart, her bagged belly slakes,
In May the little sucking Wattes, do play with tender flare.
All creatures may in May be glad, no May can me remoue,
I sorrow in May, since I may not, in May obtaine my loue.

The stately Hart in May doth mue his old and palmed beames,
His slate renewes in May, he leapes to view Apollos streames.
In May the Buck his horned tops doth hang vpon the pale,
In May he seekes the pastures greene in ranging ouer the Dale.
In May the bylie speckled Snake, doth cast her lothsome skinne,
In May the better that he may increase the scalie skinne.
All things in May I see, they may reioyce like Turtle Doue,
I sorrow in May, since I may not, in May obtaine my loue.

Now

Now may I mourne in fruitfull May, who may or can redresse,
My May is sorrow, since she that may, withholds my May a fresh.
Thus must I play in pleasant May, till I may May at will,
With her in May, whose May my life, now may both saue and spill.
Contented harts that haue your hope, in May you may at large,
Unfold your toyes expell your cares, and maske in pleasures barge.
Saue I alone in May, that may lament for my behoue,
I mourne in May, till that I may, in May obtaine my loue.

FINIS.

The complaint of a sorrowfull soule.

O Soueraigne saluc of sinne, who dost thy soule behold,
That seekes her selfe from tangling faults, by striuing to vnfold.
What plea shall I put in, when thou dost summons send,
To iudge the people of the earth, and giue the world an end.
When euery deede and word, yea euery secret thought,
In open view of all the world, shall vnto light be brought.

So many Iudges shall against me sentence giue,
As by example of good works, hath taught how I should liue.
So many pleaders shall confound my carefull case,
As haue in one by sound aduise, sought to engraft by grace.
So many shall that time, against me witnesse beare,
As haue beheld my fruitlesse faith, and saw my sinnes appeare.

Whereon whiles I doe muse, in my amazed minde,
Frowarde thoughts, familiar foes, most fierce assaults I finde.
My conscience to my face, doth flatly me accuse.
My secret thoughts within my eares, did whisper still these newes,
Mine auarice and bribery, my pride doth brag me downe,
Mine enuie frets me like a file, at other folks renowne.

Concupiscence inflames, and lusts my limmes infect,
My meate doth burthen, and my drinke my weakenes doth detect.
My slaunders rend my fame, ambition doth supplant,
My greedinesse is not content, but makes me waile for want.
My mirth but flattery is, my sorrowes are vnkinde,
Mine pleasures runne me out of breath, and greefes suppresse my minde

Behold my God, whose might may me a frée-man make,
These were my friends, whose counsels curst, I was content to take,
These were the lawlesse Lords, whom I did serue alway,
These were the Masters, whose mad hests I did too much obay.
Behold my faults most foule, which folly first did frame,
In loning them I should haue loathed, whence breedeth all my bane.

Now do I loke aloft, with bashfull blushing face,
On glory thine, that so I may discerne my owne disgrace.
My many spots and great, must nœds encrease my guilt,
Unlesse thou wash them in thy blood, that for my sake was spilt.
Forgiue the faults, O Lord, which I from hart repent,
And graunt my dayes to come, may be in thy sweet seruice spent.

FINIS. I. Haywood.

Alluding his state to the prodigall child.

THe wandring youth whose race so rashly runne,
Hath left behind, to his eternall shame:
The thriftlesse title of the prodigall Sonne,
To quench remembrance of his other name,
May now deuide the burthen of his blame.
With me whom wretchlesse thoughts entised still,
To tread the tract of his vnruly will.

He toke his childs part, at his Fathers hands,
Of Gods free grace, his gifts I did receaue:
He trauailed farre in many forraine Lands,
My restlesse minde, would neuer ranging leaue.
False queanes did him of all his coine bereaue,
Fond fancies stuft my braine with such abuse:
That no good hap could sœke to any vse.

They draue him out, when all his pence was spent,
My lusts left me, when strength with age was worne.
He was full faine a Farmers hogs to tend,
My life misled, did reape deserued scorne,
Through hunger huge, wherewith his trips were torne.
He wisht for swads, euen so wisht I most vaine,
In fruitlesse pleasure fondly to remaine.

Now to come home with him, and pardon pray,
My God I say, against the heauens and thée,
I am not worthy that my lips should say:
Behold thy handy worke, and pitty me,
Of mercy yet my soule from faults set frée.
To serue thée héere till thou appoint the time,
Through Christ, vnto thy blessed ioyes to clime.

FINIS. I. Heywood.

AT LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gunne.
1600.

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